



The Grail

AUGUST, 1933

Benedictine Founders of Libraries

VALENTINE KOEHLER, O. S. B.

The Virgin Mary of Guadalupe

ANNE SUTTON

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✠

*"I WILL spend
my heaven doing
good upon earth.
After my death I will
let fall a shower of
roses." —St. Therese*



✠

*"BECAUSE I
was little and weak,
Jesus stooped down
to me and tenderly
instructed me in the
secrets of His love."
—St. Therese*

✠

St. Therese, The Little Flower of Jesus, was born Marie Françoise Therese Martin in the little town of Alençon, France on January 2, 1873. At the age of 15 she entered the convent of the Carmel in Lisieux where she spent nearly ten years in the loving service of her God. During her years at the convent she was distinguished by her burning love for God which seems to have consumed her very being. In reading her life we are astonished by her naturalness and her gaiety—she was ever cheerful and was an able conversationalist so that her popularity in the convent was exceedingly great. Her fellow sisters in the convent spoke of her deep humility and the eagerness with which she undertook even the lowliest and most humiliating tasks. All mortifications of the flesh were offered up to the greater honor and glory of God. How simple the road to Heaven! Since we have crosses to bear isn't it reasonable that we should let them work for our salvation rather than become a burden to the soul? The Little Flower tells us that we can store up treasure in Heaven in this way. Since her death, September 30, 1897 (at the age of 24) countless graces have been attributed to her intercession. She was beatified by His Holiness Pope Pius XI on April 29, 1923 and canonized May 17, 1925.

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Benedictine Fathers,
St. Meinrad, Ind.

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CONTENTS

EDITOR'S PAGE	101
RAINBOW'S END	<i>Clare Hampton</i> 102
BENEDICTINE FOUNDERS OF LIBRARIES	<i>Valentine Koehler, O. S. B.</i> 105
CATHOLIC ACTION FOR GIRLS	<i>T. J. Kiernan, M. A., Ph. D.</i> 112
THE VIRGIN MARY GUADALUPE	<i>Anne Sutton</i> 114
NOTES OF INTEREST	117
KWEERY KORNER	<i>Rev. Henry Courtney, O. S. B.</i> 118
OUR SIOUX INDIAN MISSIONS'	<i>Clare Hampton</i> 119
CHILDREN'S CORNER	<i>Agnes Brown Hering</i> 120
ABBAY AND SEMINARY	123
MAID AND MOTHER	<i>Clare Hampton</i> 125

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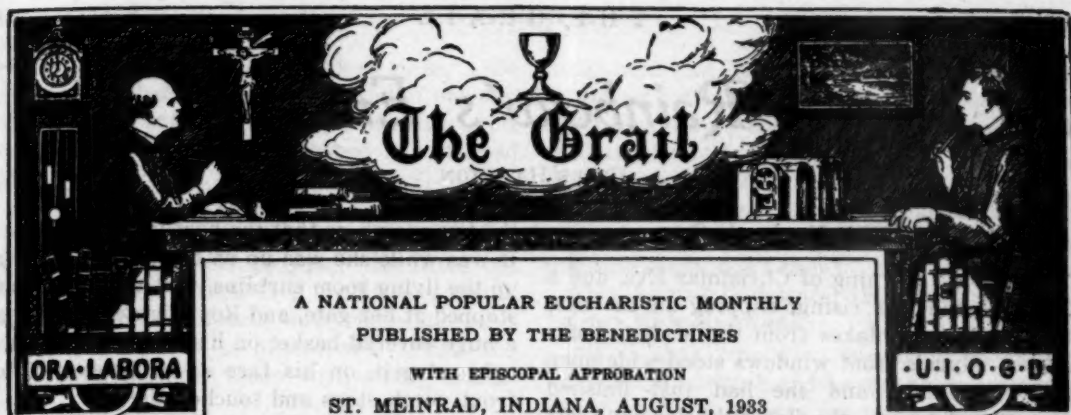
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THE ASSUMPTION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN



Home and Factory?

Recently the Bishops of the Province of Cincinnati, in which Province **THE GRAIL** also lives, issued a joint Pastoral which has received well-deserved commendation far outside this area. This Pastoral deals with the much discussed farmer, and is of course timely to the minute. And since it deals with the farmer from the "Standpoint of Catholic Principles," it is correct.

Now this brings on a thought for those who think. Have you ever stopped to consider that conclusions reached through Catholic principles are always correct? And more. The Catholic Church, guided as She is by the Holy Spirit of God, has in Her philosophy the answer to every living problem—the correct answer. Will the world ever realize this? Perhaps. Will it follow Her guidance? Hardly, because in defining how things are to be solved, the Church must insist, for a proper solution, on the observance of God's old-fashioned Commandments.

There's the rub. God still says, "Thou shalt not lie," and the only code that business and diplomatic relations knows is founded on deception. When we want to settle family troubles, we meet opposition to the "Thou shalt not commit adultery" and "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder." And in social difficulties men don't want to hear of the solemn duties of justice, duties the payment of which God is going to exact to the last farthing. And when we speak of the dignity of man as an individual we can't get anywhere, because this dignity is founded on the truth that man—even the most forgotten man—has a soul, immortal and loved of God, and people don't want to hear of such a thing as a soul that is to live forever in Heaven—or in hell.

This dignity of individual man brings us back to that excellent Pastoral, which is based on that very theme. Industrialization is a big word, yet most people know now what it means: namely, that our country, up to 1929, came to a mad climax in the race to produce as much as possible of everything in order to sell and get wealth. And the evil got to the farm and the farm, like everything else, produced too much; so much so that, with everybody producing, there was nobody

finally left to sell the products to, and so we see farms so littered up with surplus products, that there is hardly room to move around on them.

Now, the Bishops plead, let the farm become what it used to be before the mad scramble for money made the big bankers lock up all the money in New York: let the farm become a place to live. Let us go back to the small farm, where a man may raise various crops, keep some chickens and cows, etc., and *live from his farm*: eat the things he raises and sell what is left. Now that will mean less money, but it will mean independence too, and dignity and happiness. It will be a return to farming as it was from the beginning of time till recently, when the curse of industrialism cast its shadow on the world and brought on the blight and ruin men are pleased to call the depression. Let farmers get away from the false notion that they are to raise things to sell rather than to eat; let the farm cease to be a factory and become a home!

More on this theme next time.—H. D.

Agents Again

Some six months ago we informed our readers that we had discontinued soliciting subscriptions to **THE GRAIL** by means of an agency. We then endeavored to get renewals as well as new subscriptions by mail, offering handsome premiums to attract the attention of prospective subscribers. The result, as you may have guessed, was practically nil. Of course, we realize that the depression, which has played havoc with all classes, is largely to blame for this failure.

Seeing our list gradually diminishing, and the mail yielding no results, we have come to the conclusion that we must have agents on the road, if we are to continue with the magazine. This time, however, we shall employ agents, not an agency. We trust that these no just cause for complaint. These agents will not be permitted to solicit or even accept donations or Mass stipends; it shall be their duty to get new subscriptions and renewals. We hope that this plan may work out satisfactorily.

Rainbow's End

CLARE HAMPTON

CHAPTER X—ROY'S GIFT

IT was the morning of Christmas Eve, and a chill wind was rising, clipping off the first few errant snowflakes from the leaden clouds above. Myra's front windows stood wide open and curtainless, and she had just finished sweeping the rug; she closed the door and left the room to air while she attended to the pie she had in the oven. In the pantry, two large crocks stood filled with cookies, all sprinkled with glittering colored sugar, and in a tin cake box on the shelf was the large fruit cake which had been ripening for a month. For Myra liked to receive her neighbors during the holidays, and nothing was sweeter or kinder than her generous heart. The only thing that drew a note of sadness from her heart, was the absence of her beloved old father, whose jolly ways she missed especially on these glad days of preparation for the happiest feast of the year.

But she tried not to think of it, and hurried about her work, deciding on four of the afternoon as her goal. At that time, she determined, she must be all finished, and dressed to go to confession. She and Miss Marobone were invited to supper at the Shanes', who were having a large tree, and presents for everybody, especially for an indigent family with five children, who lived down the road in a poor shack not far from the Shane farm. It was Mrs. Shane's idea, for "what is Christmas without children?" she had asked, with sudden tears in her eyes. Her indulgent husband had driven her to the toy shop in town a week before, and let her buy for the little ones to her heart's content: for, somehow, it seemed to ease the ache in his own heart for his missing son, to see her getting pleasure out of purchasing these toys, which were to gladden the hearts of the poor Gilham children.

Taking the pie out of the oven, Myra next cleaned her dining room windows and dusted the room; that done, she piled more coal into the heating stove and closed the windows of the living room, leaving the door open between

the two rooms, so that the heat might circulate. It was while she was up on the ladder, putting up the living room curtains, that the Shane car stopped at her gate, and Roy alighted, carrying a huge covered basket on his arm. There was a broad grin on his face as he ascended the front porch steps and touched the bell.

"Well, what now?" asked Myra, smiling.

"Throw something over your head and come with me," he told her.

"Come with you where?"

"Over to Miss Marobone's. I have the most wonderful surprise for her that you could ever imagine. I'm not going to tell you what it is either, because that would spoil the fun. Mrs. Shane is just about sick from laughing and crying."

"My, that sounds funny; laughing and crying! You're not going to make Miss Marobone cry, I hope?"

"Not a bit; but you see, Ma Shane is tenderhearted, and while she was laughing, she was sorry for—but that would be telling. Come along and see the fun!" Myra snatched a shawl from a hook and threw it over her head and shoulders, closing the door and following Roy out the gate. Sharp little ice particles were flying, driven by the wind, and they were obliged to close their eyes against the onslaught as they crossed the road. Miss Marobone's kitchen was all spotless and shining, and fragrant with the odor of gingerbread just out of the oven.

"Well, well, Christmas callers already!" she greeted, smiling happily. "And what have you in that enormous basket? I hope it's full of presents for me."

"Ha, ha! How did you guess it, Miss Marobone? That's just exactly what it is! You remember when I promised to bring you some kittens as soon as I got hold of some?" her face lit up at once.

"Oh, did you bring me some?"

"I certainly did, and I remembered, too, that you said you were interested in collecting cats

of every color, so I brought you these." So saying, he lifted the woven-grass lid of one end of the basket and held it out to Miss Marobone, bowing as he did so. She gasped and stepped back.

"They won't hurt you," he reassured her. "They're perfectly normal, healthy kittens. Here! I'll hand them to you." He lifted out first a pale blue kitten, then a pink one, then a light green one, and lastly, a lavender one, placing them all in Miss Marobone's arms, the while she examined them with wildly dilated eyes.

"Roy, am I dreaming, or do I see aright?" she asked, winking her eyes hard, as if the vision might change.

"What's the matter? Don't you like their color?"

"Roy! You trickster, what have you done?" now asked Myra, taking the pink kitten in her arms and examining it. "Oh you poor little thing! What has the bad man done to you?" Roy was having a great time, laughing heartily at Miss Marobone's astonishment.

"For Heaven's sake!" she cried. "Is it possible now to breed colored kittens? I know science has discovered many new things, but I never heard of this one!"

"Sure!" replied Roy. "I fed them each on the color of dye you see there, and each one's fur turned the color I fed it."

"Honestly?" asked Miss Marobone, innocently. "But I should think they would die from such a diet. Dye is poisonous, isn't it?"

"Not all dye; not vegetable dyes."

"Well, I declare! Aren't they beautiful?"

"Roy!" reproached Myra, rolling her eyes at him.

"Do you like them, Miss Marobone?" he asked, ignoring Myra.

"Do I like them! Well, I think it is quite the loveliest Christmas present you could ever have brought me! And to think that you should have taken such pains to raise them on different colored dyes, just for me!"

"Roy!" again reproached Myra. "You know you didn't do that. Why not tell us the truth and stop fooling!"

"What's the matter? Don't you believe me? Hm, then you are not up on the latest scientific news. A professor in a certain college has just

announced that he is able to create pink chicks by giving them certain treatment."

"And you went right on ahead and completed the experiment for him!" retorted Myra, nodding her head at him and smiling.

"Why of course. Take green carnations that they wear on St. Patrick's Day. They inject dye into them, don't they?"

"No, I think they *water* them with dye," returned Miss Marobone.

"Well, then what's so impossible in giving kittens dye to drink and having them come out all colors?" Myra was not to be taken in, but Miss Marobone was convinced.

"My, isn't science wonderful!"

"Yes, sir, soon we'll have real pink elephants instead of just imaginary ones. And blue cows, and—"

"That will be just about enough out of you, Roy Eldridge! Don't you believe him, Clara. He is just spoofing you. I can tell you how he did it—" This time Roy made a face at Myra.

"Now listen, Myra—"

"Now listen, Roy! You took soap dyes and washed the kittens with them, didn't you? They were white originally, weren't they?" Miss Marobone looked from one to the other, not knowing which to believe.

"Aw shucks, why did you have to spoil everything? Here I had—"

"Yes, here you had Miss Marobone believing your nonsense and—"

"Oh well, all right, all right! Yes, I used soap dye on them. Now, Miss Scrupulous, does that satisfy you?" Miss Marobone now looked upon her friends with alarm. Was it turning into a quarrel? Not for worlds would she have that happen.

"Oh, but I think the idea was wonderful even if you did use soap dyes on them, Roy. I confess I was really worried, for fear I wouldn't know how to feed them this special dye diet." Myra stooped over and picked up the green kitten, fondling it in her arms.

"You poor little thing; so tiny and innocent and trustful! I don't see how you could have done it, Roy!"

"Why? There's no harm done; just a little innocent dye on their fur, that's all. Nothing cruel about that, is there?" Miss Marobone

hastened to interpose, lest the sparks begin to fly again.

"Why of course not! Do you know, I am going to keep them that way, because I think they are so pretty."

"Oh no, Clara! You know cats lick their fur; what if they should all be poisoned by licking the dye off?" Miss Marobone had not thought of such a contingency.

"That is right, isn't it? What do you think, Roy?"

"Nonsense! I asked our veterinary surgeon down at Marshall about it, and he said it wouldn't injure them, just so I rinsed all the soap off well. The soap would probably make them ill, but the dye is harmless."

"And are you *sure* you rinsed the soap off well?" asked Myra, with severe eyes.

"Why of course I did! I took every precaution. You don't think I'd want to make any poor animal suffer, do you?"

"Certainly he wouldn't, Myra," defended Miss Marobone. "I know his only thought was to please me, and he has certainly not only pleased, but surprised me most delightfully! Besides, I can give them lots of milk and cream, and that will offset anything they might lick off. I anticipate a lot of visitors as soon as the news of this gets around!"

"They'll wear a path to your door!" cried Myra. "Well, if this is all settled, I think I'll go back and finish hanging my front curtains. It is getting late. Bye, Clara; if you need any help sitting up with all your new children at night, don't hesitate to call on me!"

"I'll not only sit up all night, but I'll probably be sitting here all day too, and Christmas Eve will find me with no work done. You should have waited until this evening. Roy."

"But I couldn't wait. I was just bursting to bring them to you."

"Well, that was a very nice joke you played on me, and I'm sure the pussies don't mind. Thank you very, very much, Roy!"

"Oh, don't mention it; you can return the compliment by giving me a pair of rhinoceroses—I should prefer pink and green, I think. I've always wanted to own one of those dainty animals."

"Now, where on earth would I get a pair of rhinoceroses, pray? Really, I'd like to oblige

you, Roy, but—" laughed Miss Marobone.

"Well, if you two are going to talk nonsense, I'll leave you to your fate, but I must go! Look how it's snowing! And I just scrubbed my front porch!" said Myra. So saying, she stepped out of the door.

"Wait! I'm coming, Myra. Bye, Miss Marobone!" He ran after Myra and caught up with her.

"Not angry with me, are you?" he asked, as they crossed the road.

"Well—you *have* some unique ideas about presents."

"That does not answer my question."

"Do I have to answer it?"

"Myra! What's wrong with you?"

"Not a thing, Roy; not a thing!"

"Well, you act as if there were!"

"Do I? I wasn't aware of it."

"My, how formal you're becoming. Don't you think that was rather a clever idea about the kittens?"

"Mmmmm—fishing for compliments. Roy, I'm surprised at you!"

"Well, it's the only way I can get some expression out of you. You act as though I were trying to make fun of old lady Marobone or something."

"Roy! Now I am angry!" she cried, glaring at him. "She's not an old lady! I'll have you know that I am very touchy on that subject!"

"I begin to realize that. I beg your pardon most humbly. May I come in awhile? I may be able to help with something."

"No thanks! there's someone at my door, isn't there? You'd better go on home. Mother Shane may need you. Good-bye."

"Aw shucks, just a little while, Myra."

"I said no. You may call for me this evening. About five o'clock."

"O. K. Sorry you won't let me help you."

"I can work better without any men under my feet." Roy sighed.

"Very well, cruel one. Au revoir, then."

Roy jumped into his machine, while Myra proceeded to the side door, where a rather small woman of some fifty-five years stood waiting.

"Good morning! What is it?" greeted Myra, as she ascended the steps.

"Good morning, ma'am! Would you have

any sort of work I could do, to earn a few cents? I've walked all morning and rung about a hundred doorbells. I hiked from Greentree and rang every doorbell in Marshall, but no one will so much as give me a walk to sweep."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I—" began Myra, but the woman interrupted.

"Oh, please, ma'am, don't say no! I lost my husband a month ago to-day, and I spent my last cent on his funeral. Since then I have done an odd job here and there for people, and once I had to make a dollar last a week. Yesterday I had only an apple and an orange all day long, and I haven't had any breakfast this morning. I hate to tell you my troubles like this, but I really am desperate. I haven't a cent in my purse, and if I don't get something to do, I'll have to spend Christmas in the street, hungry. My landlady back in Greentree has my trunk because I still owe her one dollar room rent. I haven't a stitch besides what is on my back. She wouldn't even let me get a clean apron out of it. Lady, won't you please let me sweep your porch off, or carry out ashes? I'm willing to do just anything!" And the woman began to weep.

Myra was touched. Her resources were extremely slender, but her heart tender and sympathetic, and after such a recital, she could not refuse.

"Well," she replied, "you may come in, and I'll try to find something for you to do."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am! I'll scrub your kitchen floor on my knees, or polish your stoves, or anything you say. Some people think because I am little, I cannot do much, but just

try me!" Myra opened the door and ushered the woman in; a shudder passed through her, and she shivered violently.

"Brrr, it's getting so cold, and I'm about frozen inside," she complained going over to the grateful warmth of the kitchen range and spreading out her hands over it.

"You just take off your coat and hat and warm yourself," said Myra, kindly. I'll put on the coffee pot, and make you a good cup of hot coffee and you'll feel better at once!" Tears gushed to the woman's eyes again.

"Oh, thank you, Miss; may God bless you! You are the first person who has been kind to me for three days. Everyone else refused me and closed the door in my face!"

The coffee heated, Myra now spread a little collation upon the kitchen table and invited the woman to eat.

"Oh, ma'am, I'll try to eat to please you, but really, I won't be able to eat much, as I have a terrific headache. I have been worrying about what is to become of me. I have been so sheltered; my husband took such good care of me, and now he is gone, and I haven't anything. I sold my furniture to help pay for his funeral, and I was promised a good job as companion to an invalid three days ago, but when the time came, they told me somebody else had been engaged. It was so disheartening, I was just sick from it."

"Is that so?" asked Myra compassionately. "Come now, and try to eat a little. Here is an aspirin. Just take that for your headache. Can you iron?"

(To be continued)

Benedictine Founders of Libraries

VALENTINE KOEHLER, O. S. B.

MANY of us, perhaps all of us, are fond of reading books. When we have leisure hours and wish to pass them pleasantly we resort to the reading of a book, whether it be for the mere recreation we get out of it or whether we are making a study of some particular subject. Without further forethought we go to the public library, withdraw a book, take it home, read it. When it is completed we go through

the same routine. But in all our visits to the library, crowded from top to bottom with numerous books, we seldom revert to those to whom the modern library is heavily indebted for the services rendered it by the monks of old. We are ignorant of the rôle played by the Benedictines of medieval days in the founding of libraries, the preservation of literature, and the promotion of culture. Like many others

we are wont to look upon those times as the so-called "Dark Ages."

Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B., speaks significantly in his delightful book, "A Day in the Cloister," when he says, "The libraries of our fore-runners, the monks of old, was the cradle of modern science; the history of our Order and of its greatest and its most saintly members is closely bound up with the development of European culture. Nowadays the savants of the modern world may look down contemptuously upon monastic bookishness, but there was a time when men of the world knew little or nothing of libraries, though one was to be found in every monastery."

The sixth to the twelfth centuries were truly Benedictine centuries, as Cardinal Newman was wont to term them. This was also the first period of the history of books in manuscript and of the production and distribution of literature in Europe. It began with the foundation in 529 of the monastery of Monte Cassino by Saint Benedict, and continued till the last decade of the twelfth century.

Libraries were not always as we have them now, large buildings, modernly equipped as to every minute detail. It is well to bear in mind that we are speaking of libraries in the Middle Ages. Thus, when men spoke of a library in the Middle Ages, they did not mean a special room, still less a special building. A common word for library was *armarium*, which means a wardrobe or book press. That is what a library was.

This was perhaps true at the beginning of the sixth century, but we can rightly suppose that by the close of the twelfth century the many books collected by that time warranted the need of a special apartment or even a building.

The history of library is old, perhaps as old as the human race itself. At any rate it is as old as writing, for as soon as writing gave birth, immediately libraries and archives were constructed or provided for so that the works written could be preserved both for the present as well as for future time.

An old and true saying reads like this, "Monasterium sine armario quasi castrum sine armamento"—a monastery without a library is like a fortress without an arsenal. Thus the

two came to be so closely associated together that the mention of one could not be made without recalling the other.

The sons of Benedict realized full well the worth of this adage and ever lived up to it. An inspiring example was furnished then at the outstart by their illustrious founder, St. Benedict. We can mention here only a few of the legion of Benedictines of the first six centuries after the founding of Monte Cassino, and only the most renowned and more familiar to the public. Yet their mention will prove that the sons of Benedict had a true love for literature and libraries, and to them the modern world owes a debt for their labors along these lines.

SAINT BENEDICT

Benedict of Nursia was fond of books. Probably the one worthwhile lesson that he brought back with him from the corrupt Rome of his day was this appreciation and regard for books. He saw their inestimable value, and when it came to write that guide for religious, "The Rule for Monks," he was careful to make provision in it for reading. He had established in that first of Benedictine monasteries a library, as the forty-eighth chapter of his Rule reveals. There he made stipulations for the true observance of Lent. One of the requirements was spiritual reading, that the monks might advance the more in perfection during these days of penance and grace. Thus he wrote, "In these days of Lent let each one receive a book from the Library, and read it through in order." He was in earnest in this regard, and he meant that every monk was to read through from beginning to end the book given him, and not to ramble through a few pages and then return it. Furthermore, he appointed a monk whose duty it was to make the rounds of the monastery to see that each religious was reading at the time appointed. Not only here but in other chapters of the same Rule he speaks of books and reading. St. Benedict was not unacquainted with books as the concluding chapter of the Rule clearly shows. He knew books and knew their worth, and that from their reading his monks would be the better. He not only directed that they should read, and at what hours they should read, but he even proposed books that would be of greater advantage to their spiritual advance-

ment. He suggests, therefore, the reading of Scripture, the works of the early Fathers, their biographies, the rules of the monks who preceded him. These, he tells them bring man to the height of perfection. They are the unerring rule for human life. To obedient and well-living monks they are the instruments of virtue, but to the slothful and negligent they are the cause of shame and confusion.

From these regulations of the Holy Founder it is only too evident that some books were to be found in the first Benedictine monastery, at least books of a spiritual nature. Later writers are of the opinion that other works than spiritual treatises were not wanting, lest the necessary instruments of learning would be excluded from those monks who aspired to learning and study. A Benedictine writer of the eighteenth century claims that before his death Saint Benedict had founded a library in one of the twelve monasteries that he established which numbered 6700 volumes of manuscript. Some are inclined to doubt this, saying that in those days books were rare, and were only to be obtained by hand production. Whatever may be the final opinion on this point there seems to be no doubt for believing that the first Benedictine monasteries possessed libraries, small though they may have been.

CASSIODORUS

Cassiodorus lived about the same time as St. Benedict. He is known in history for his love for study and for his deep interests in books and their preservation. He was a scholar fond of scriptural and classical learning. His efforts were spent in procuring all possible books of his time, especially any books on the Old or the New Testament together with their commentaries. With a view to arousing greater study among his monks Cassiodorus bought the works of the Fathers Cyprian, Hilary, Ambrose, Jerome, and Augustine. His taste ran along the study of Greek works and he strongly recommended those of the Attic tongue. Nor were historical works neglected in his collecting, particularly those that had relation to the Church and the people of God. The distinguished Benedictine writer Mabillon tells us he collected the tracts of Josephus, Eusebius, Orosius, Marcellinus, and Prosper; the books of

Saints Jerome and Gennadius treating of ecclesiastical writers. He likewise gathered the ecclesiastical histories of Socrates, Sozomenus and Theodoretus. It is said his monks read through tracts of Cosmography and Geography. Nor were authors on rhetoric and orthography missed. Treatises on medicine were also consulted and read. Truly the library at Vivarium must have been a storehouse of abundant material.

GREGORY THE GREAT

The son of the Roman Senator Gordian, Gregory, called in history, the Great, was born in Rome in 540. When only thirty-four the Emperor Justin made him Governor of Rome. On the death of his father, Gregory used the inheritance left him by his parent in the founding of seven monasteries, one of which he established in his own home on the Coelian Hill. This was the monastery of St. Andrew. In 575 he himself took the religious habit, and devoted himself to a life of penance and virtue. Nine years after his reception of the habit he became Abbot of St. Andrew's. In 590 upon the death of Pope Gelasius, Gregory was chosen his successor, and accepted the onerous post with great reluctance. He ruled the Church for fourteen years. In the sixth year of his pontificate he sent Augustine and other monks of St. Andrew's to convert England, a project that lay near his heart, and which he himself tried to accomplish in secret with the blessing of Pope Benedict I, but was forced by public clamor to return. Death closed his brilliant career in 604.

So great was the importance that Gregory attached to the preservation of literature that Archbishop Spalding in his *Miscellanea* says that he instituted a legal process in order to have a book restored to a monastery. When he sent Augustine and the monks to convert England it is related that they carried with them into that country many books, even a Homer. Savage, an authority on old English libraries, claims that Gregory gave then to Augustine either before the English missions or sent to him soon afterwards nine volumes, which were in St. Augustine's monastery. He then goes on to mention and describe them. "Being for church purposes," Savage says, "the books were very beautiful and valuable. There was the

Gregorian Bible in two volumes, with some of its leaves colored rose and purple, which gave them a wonderful reflection when held in the light; *The Psalter of Augustine*; a copy of the Gospels, called the text of St. Mildred; . . . as well as another copy of the Gospels; a Psalter with plain silver images of Christ and the four Evangelists on the cover; two martyrologies, one adorned with a silver figure of Christ, the other enriched with silver, gilt and precious stones; and an Exposition of the Gospels and Epistles also enriched with gems."

Gregory in the midst of his many duties both as Nuncio to Constantinople, and as Pope, found time to write numerous works of an edifying and instructing character; commentaries on parts of Holy Scripture, and the lives of saintly men and women. Notable among the last is his Dialogue, containing the only real and authentic life of St. Benedict.

Both the monasteries established by him, especially St. Andrew's, as well as the missions of England, must have possessed quite a pretentious library at that early period. As described they were valuable books, both as to their contents as well as to their magnificent bindings.

BENEDICT BISCOPE

The celebrated Benedictine monasteries of Jarrow and Wearmouth in England were founded by St. Benedict Biscop. Like Gregory he was of noble parentage, and possibly of the royal family of Lindisfari. He became a monk at Lerins, where he remained two years. In 669 he was appointed Abbot of the Monastery of SS. Peter and Paul at Canterbury. He only held this office for two years. He made numerous pilgrimages to Rome. Saint Bede, the ecclesiastical historian of England, says that Benedict made five journeys to Europe, and never returned without a fine collection of books. From France and Italy he brought back Greek and Latin authors. On his third literary tour from Rome he brought back with him not a few books which he succeeded in procuring through the generosity of friends or else by a reasonable purchase. An innumerable amount of books of all kinds was the result of his fourth journey. Likewise the fifth pilgrimage was a profitable acquisition of many books on the sacred and other sciences. When he was

breathing his last in 690, Benedict commanded his monks to keep intact the noble library which he had collected, sparing himself neither labor nor effort.

Benedict was succeeded in the government of these two monasteries by Ceolfrid, who governed with great prudence and piety for twenty-eight years. Like his venerable predecessor he devoted himself to adorning and increasing the library of Jarrow and Wearmouth. He added many volumes to those already collected by Benedict.

ALCUIN

Mention cannot be made of the illustrious medieval school of York without associating with it the name of one of its most learned members, Alcuin. On the death of Archbishop Aelbert in 767 Alcuin was given charge of the cathedral school and library of York, a task for which he was well fitted. York at this time was the most famous school in Britain, and one of the most famous in Christendom. In one of his poems Alcuin has left us a catalog of the library of York. We have the following translation from the original Latin:

There shalt thou find the volumes that contain
All of the ancient Fathers who remain;
There all the Latin writers make their home
With those that glorious Greece transferred to Rome,—
The Hebrews draw from their celestial stream,
And Africa is bright with learning's beam.

Here shines what Jerome, Ambrose, Hilary thought,
Or Athanasius and Augustine wrought.
Orosius, Leo, Gregory the Great,
Near Basil and Fulgentius coruscate.
Grave Cassiodorus and John Chrysostom
Next Master Bede and learned Aldhelm come,
While Victorinus and Boethius stand
With Pliny and Pompeius close at hand.

Wise Aristotle looks on Tully near,
Sedulius and Juvenecus next appear.
Then come Albinus, Clement, Prosper, too,
Paulinus and Arator. Next we view
Lactantius, Fortunatus. Ranged in line
Virgilius Maro, Statius, Lucan, shine.
Donatus, Priscian, Probus, Phocas start,
The rool of masters in grammatic art.
Eutychius, Servius, Pompey, each extend
The list. Cimminian brings it to an end.

There shalt thou find, O reader, many more
Famed for their style, the masters of old lore,
Whose many volumes singly to rehearse
Were far too tedious for our present verse.

As Alcuin himself mentions, not all the authors are enumerated, but we can rest assured that the library at York possessed all the Latin and Greek classic authors that were available at Alcuin's time. Whatever there was of learning at that date the York library embraced among its collections of books. Alcuin's metric catalog reveals that the richest of sacred and profane learning was treasured by the monks of those early days.

At the advanced age of sixty, Charlemagne appointed Alcuin as Abbot of the Abbey of St. Martin of Tours. Here he introduced the reform of St. Benedict of Aniane. From his signature while abbot it is thought that Alcuin at the time was only a deacon. Nevertheless, at Tours as well as at York, Alcuin was solicitous for the library. The studies he entered upon at York he began also to transplant at Tours. But at Tours he was somewhat handicapped due to the lack of books. He informed the king of his predicament and begged permission to send some of the monks to York to procure them. He wrote to the king, "I, your servant, lack the rarer books of scholastic erudition which I had in my own country. So I mention this to your Excellency in the hope that it may please the wisdom of your counsel that I should send some of the youth here to bring to us the necessary books, and thus fetch into Frankland the flowers of Britain," etc. The results of this request for books is not exactly known, but there is reason to feel that he procured or borrowed such books with which he was intimately acquainted at York. He must have been successful to some extent, at least in procuring the works of Bede, for there is authority stating that the latter work was copied under Alcuin's supervision at Tours.

Some years before his death Alcuin resigned his office of Abbot, passing the remainder of his days at his monastery. He closed his mortal career on Pentecost Sunday of 804.

RHABANUS MAURUS

One of the auditors at the lectures of the able scholar Alcuin at Tours was Rhabanus Maurus of Mainz, Germany, who later was honored with the archiepiscopal rank of that city. He was attached to the Benedictine Abbey of Fulda. Upon his return from Tours he was

appointed to direct the school of Fulda, where he founded a library and was Professor of Sacred Scripture.

When Rhabanus was forty-six he was elected Abbot of Fulda. This office he held for twenty years, during which time Fulda rose to the pinnacle of her prosperity.

Like other monasteries Fulda had her scriptorium or writing room where the monks were studiously employed in the transcribing and writing of books. It is said that twelve monks were continually engaged in this noble work of preserving literature for future posterity at the monastery of Fulda. This library, huge as it was, survived till the beginning of the seventeenth century when it was destroyed in the troubles of the Thirty Years War.

Through the untiring efforts of Rhabanus Maurus the library rapidly grew to a pretentious size. Some of the books were undoubtedly drawn from Tours. Its extent may be imagined from the few words left us in a poem that Rhabanus wrote to his librarian. "There," he says, "is to be found whatever the wisdom of the world has published in its various ages." Not an idle boast!

While Rhabanus may have been overly proud of his collection of books, and may have been inclined to exaggerate its size and contents yet we cannot help but believe it was one of the most ample of Germany or perhaps of Europe at the time. Judging from the numerous references and lists of writers quoted by Rhabanus in his multitudinous writings a large part of the Fulda library could be reconstructed. It furnished at a later date the material for Walafrid Strabo's Commentary on the text of Scripture.

SERVATUS LUPUS

One of the many pupils of Rhabanus Maurus at Fulda was the Abbot of Ferrieres, Servatus Lupus. No list of Benedictine collectors of libraries is complete without his name. As Abbot of this celebrated monastery he spared no efforts in the collecting of a considerable library. The Dominican writer, Father John O'Connor, in his historical work, "Monasticism and Civilization," speaks of Lupus writing to Pope Benedict III in 855 requesting the Pontiff to send him a copy of Quintilian, Terence, and of Cicero's "De Oratore." Between Eginhard,

Abbot of Fulda, and Lupus, an intimate friendship ripened and was the more strongly cemented on account of their mutual solicitude for books. In one of his earliest letters to Eginhard he begs him for a copy of Cicero's "Rhetoric," saying that his own copy was imperfect. He also requested Aulus Gellius' "Attic Nights." His was a pet hobby in collecting useful books, and as he expresses in his correspondence to Eginhard, he never grew weary of this delightful pursuit.

Lupus was most zealous in his search for books, and took extraordinary pains to procure them from foreign countries as is evident from his loan and procuring of books from Germany. Nor did the Abbot of Ferrieres stop with merely collecting them, but he was also most assiduous in causing them to be transcribed. Many a time he himself undertook this laborious task of transcribing.

His gathering of books was not limited to religious volumes, but, as has been shown, he was deeply interested in the classical authors. His correspondence to friends reveals requests for Sallust's War of Catiline and of Jugurtha, and the Verrines of Cicero. The commentaries of St. Jerome on Jeremias were also among his requests.

ANSCHAR

The year 801 saw the birth of the future Archbishop of Bremen and Hamburg, Anshar. His education was received under Abbot St. Adelard and Paschasius Radbertus of the monastic school of Corbie in Picardy. At the early age of fifteen he was clothed with the Benedictine habit. He had only worn the habit for five years when he was sent to New Corbie in Saxony of Westphalia, there to take charge of the schools recently founded at that Abbey.

At the suggestion of King Harold of Denmark, recently converted to the Faith, Anshar with another monk undertook the conversion of the Danes. He did not remain long at this work so dear to him, as he was compelled to withdraw for a time. His next field of apostolic labors was in Sweden where his efforts were awarded with many conversions.

On his return to New Corbie in 831 to make a report of his missionary endeavors he was appointed Abbot of New Corbie by Louis the Pious. About the same time the emperor con-

templated the erection of an archiepiscopal see at Hamburg and nominated Anshar as its first prelate. To this dignity Pope Gregory added the title of papal legate. As Archbishop he sent missionaries into the countries of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Anshar died at the age of sixty-four.

Under his guiding hand the library at New Corbie grew to one of great value and importance. From the catalog still preserved we find the names of not a few works in Arabic and Hebrew. Though only five years at New Corbie Anshar did much to increase the number of books in the library of that famous monastery in Westphalia.

GERBERT

A name intimately connected with the tenth century, and one later honored with the papal dignity is Gerbert, perhaps better known by his pontifical name of Sylvester II.

The scholarly work of Mother Augusta Theodosia Drane, a Dominican Nun, states that Gerbert corresponded with the scholastics of Tours, Sens, and Aurillac with regard to collecting books, and spared neither time nor effort nor expense in augmenting his library. In this noble work he was generously assisted by his many friends scattered over the length and breadth of Europe.

His earnest regard for knowledge, and love for books is revealed in his letters to his great host of friends. From his Archbishop he begs the loan of a Caesar, offering in exchange eight volumes of Boethius. Another letter requests the monks of Aurillac for a treatise on the arts of multiplication and division.

From the time Gerbert entered the monastic school of Aurillac, where he assumed the habit of a Benedictine, he was an apt student, excelling in the mathematical sciences. In the pursuit of learning he later devoted his pen to a multitude of subjects, mostly philosophical, mathematical, or physical. He also wrote a dogmatic treatise on the Body and Blood of Christ. Through his vast erudition and prolific writing he came to be considered a wonder of the world in the eyes of his contemporaries.

To him are attributed the introduction into Western Europe of the use of Arabic figures. Several inventions are mentioned with his

name, particularly that of a globe; an astrolabe, an instrument now superceded in astronomy by the sextant; and the pendulum clock.

Gerbert was a man of irreproachable character. With the science of well-living he happily joined that of well-learning. These he claimed to be necessary qualities to him occupied in matters of state. To these ends he gathered a great library. With the assistance of friends he procured books from Rome, and other parts of Italy. From the shores of Germany and Belgium he brought many volumes to his native France.

His pontificate was one of short duration, lasting only four years. Yet it was one crowded with many eventful and worthy deeds. Lamented by all, Gerbert passed to his reward in 1003.

LANFRANC AND ANSELM

One of the most celebrated monasteries of England in the eleventh century was that of Bec. Two foremost scholars came from this renowned Abbey. They were Lanfranc, "the best Latinist, the best theologian, and the best dialectician of his time," and his successor, Anselm, later Archbishop of Canterbury.

Lanfranc's early and later education was such as to equip him for a position of honor in the world, but he felt the call of another world, and decided to give his services to his God in religion. He therefore joined the Abbot Herluin in organizing the monastic house of Bec, which he was later to rule as prior. His stay at Bec was only of three years duration as he was directed to establish a school to which nobles from all over France flocked to hear this master of learning. At the same time he received the appointment of Prior of Bec, and became the adviser to many distinguished persons, among whom was William, Duke of Normandy.

The honors bestowed upon Lanfranc were not to stop here. In 1066 he became Abbot of St. Stephen's at Caen, and four years later was nominated to the see of Canterbury recently founded by William, now king of England. With all these honors Lanfranc remained the same simple, humble monk. For nineteen years he ruled with great wisdom the See of Canterbury when death released him from his duties.

Attracted by the renown and learning of

Lanfranc, Anselm left his native land of Piedmont to attend the lectures of the scholarly master of Bec. Upon the death of his father, who strongly opposed his religious vocation, Anselm joined the monks of Bec, making his profession for that Abbey in 1060. He was a member of Bec for only a few years when Lanfranc was promoted to St. Stephen, he succeeded to the office of Prior. Like Lanfranc he, too, quickly rose to high honors, becoming Abbot of Bec, and later attaining to the archiepiscopal rank of Canterbury.

Besides his task as Professor Lanfranc undertook the formation of the abbey library begun under Augustine. Lanfranc was the author of the well known library regulation concerning the return of books. This regulation was enforced each year on the first Sunday of Lent. According to this the librarian read the roll call of the monastic house. When his name was called each monk advanced to return the book charged against him, and to receive another. If he failed in the return of the book he was subjected to the punishment laid down.

The Library of Bec possessed besides the collections of the Fathers and the Latin classics, the Institutes of Quintilian, and the Hortensius of Cicero. No copy of this latter work is now known to exist.

With unwearied zeal Anselm continued the loving task begun by Augustine and continued by Lanfranc at Canterbury. Anselm, however, was not content with merely collecting books, but spent much time and pains in their correction. He devoted whole nights to this pursuit. Anselm was acknowledged to have been the greatest metaphysician that had appeared in the Latin Church since the days of Augustine. Many works are the product of his gifted pen.

HERMAN CONTRACTUS

The Benedictine Abbey of Reichenau was one of the most renowned monasteries of Europe in the Middle Ages. To this great monastic house a youth of seven years once came to study. He was the learned Herman, called Contractus on account of his physical disability. Handicapped with an affliction that rendered him unable to move about without assistance, Herman applied himself most diligently to his studies. So great was his ultimate

success that he was regarded as a prodigy of learning. At the age of thirty he made his vows for the Abbey of Reichenau.

Herman was master of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Arabic. He was the author of many works, and the writer of many beautiful religious hymns.

To gain such a prolific knowledge as Herman possessed must have required a great amount of books in the Reichenau library. The library surely must have had books on the various subjects taught by the scholarly Herman. At least it had copies of Herman's own productions on history, poetry, ethics, and astronomy. To him is also accredited an historical account dating from the beginning of the Christian era to the eleventh century. Herbert Thurston, writing in the Catholic Encyclopedia says, "In the case of Reichenau we still have the catalogue made by the librarian Reginbert before 830 which enumerates five hundred works contained in 256 volumes. It is well to keep in mind what has been said about the fewness of books in those days. The printing press had not yet existed, and books were generally the works of the monks' own hands."

SYMON OF ST. ALBAN'S

The author of the *Gesta Abbatum* speaks of another great Benedictine collector of books, namely, Symon, the nineteenth Abbot of St. Alban's in England, who ruled that monastic house with great wisdom and discretion from 1167 till 1183. The late Cardinal Gasquet says that Symon collected many scriptural works, and books of various other characters. In his "Old English Bible," the late Prince of the Church says, "Their number would be too long to name; but those who desire to see them can find them in the painted aumbry in the church, placed as he specially directed, against the tomb of Roger, the hermit."

To Symon may be traced the origin of the school of St. Alban's chroniclers to whom a debt for much of our present day knowledge of English history is due.

True, Symon's efforts at first were crude, but they formed a collection that in time future posterity gloried in. He gathered, as a Benedictine historian states, an exceedingly large amount of the best books in entire England. The same writer informs us that Symon always

maintained two or three most excellent scribes at his monastery.

BENEDICT OF PETERBOROUGH

Leland at the time of the destruction of the monasteries under Henry III loudly proclaimed the praise of the library of Peterborough. One closely associated with this wonderful library at the close of the twelfth century was its Abbot. Benedict, who was chosen in 1177 to guide and govern the religious of this community. We learn from Cardinal Gasquet that Benedict gave to his abbey at Peterborough (health forced him to retire to Christ Church) some twenty-one bibles, glossed and simple texts, some works on Canon Law, two arithmetics, a Seneca, a Martial, and a Terence.

In the above brief sketch the writer has endeavored to show a portion of the great debt that the modern library owes to that oldest of religious orders in the Church.

From the beginning of its foundation at Monte Cassino the Benedictines have devoted their time and talent to the collecting of libraries, and to their care and preservation.

Only a few of the most celebrated Sons of Benedict have been mentioned, yet their number represents six centuries of the glorious and undimmed history of this religious body. It represents fairly well the more renowned monasteries of Italy, England, France, and Germany. To them we of the present day may extend our deepest gratitude for their invaluable services.

Catholic Action for Girls

T. J. KIERNAN, M. A., PH. D.

"The lay apostolate called 'Catholic Action,' as stated in the article that follows, 'may have as many forms as our complex civilization and culture.' We are indebted to *The Father Mathew Record* (Dublin, May, 1933) for this account of the Grail girls, which is a type of Catholic Action that is making considerable progress in Europe.—EDITOR.

THE GRAIL is a religious and a cultural movement which originated in Holland, where there are now twenty-three Grail houses and over 15,000 Grail girls. The spiritual centre of the Grail consists of a community of ladies who after two and a half years of novitiate

take the vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. These nuns wear a habit in their convent, but in public they are to all appearances lay women, dressing like other women, so that they can move in all circles, mix with all classes and not frighten away those who are shy of the religious habit. Their vocation is to bring together Catholic girls of all classes in one great organization called The Grail, with a view to forming them into zealous Catholics and fervent apostles prepared actively to join in the strife to conquer the world for Christ.

The Grail in its wider form is therefore a lay apostolate confined to girls. It uses its members according to their individual capacity and ability, and to the amount of time they are prepared to give to the work. It is less material to The Grail that its members should give many hours of work each week than that they should give one hundred per cent of their energy and attention in the time they devote to the organization.

The basis of the appeal to girls is that Christ destines each one to fulfil a task, expects something from each, desires the fulfilment of that duty, so that each one may reflect in the brief life on earth the image of God. The ideal of the girls of The Grail is to develop all their accomplishments and talents as part of their religion, not accepting the Faith as an accidental inheritance to be departmentalised for Sundays and holydays of obligation, but making it the centre from which all their activities radiate.

The lay apostolate called Catholic Action which Our Holy Father earnestly desires to see established in every part of the world may have as many forms as our complex civilization itself. Its purpose is to spread a Catholic civilization and culture. Fashion, dancing, music, painting, decoration, the stage, education in all its branches, architecture, science, literature—all are part of The Grail programme. The organization and the machinery have been devised and completed; the method of working out the ideal is capable of infinite development and must be adapted to the particular needs of different localities.

Already The Grail is spreading. From Holland it moved to establish a house in Berlin. Another house has been opened in London at 58 Sloane Street, S. W. 1. During the sum-

mer 1,000 Grail girls intend to visit Dublin and probably other Irish ports in a Dutch liner already chartered for the purpose. The Dutch girls took part in the Eucharistic Congress last year, and in addition to renewing friendships made then, they desire to spread their movement to Ireland.

Girls may join The Grail as candidates at the age of thirteen but may not become members until they are fifteen years old. For ordinary members there are clubs, and special courses in domestic arts, gymnastics, poetry, singing, folk-dancing, lecturing, and indeed anything the members want. Each local group is led by three members. The Young Guard is composed of students who have attended at least a three months' course and who go on retreat each year for eight days. The Young Guard is the flying column of The Grail, available to be sent to any near centre where their services are needed.

The movement is very bright and modern and ready to try experiments in method. In the club houses a Grail style of furnishing and decorating is evident. The colours are bright and the furniture is simple. The ardent enthusiasm of the members, almost fierce in its intensity, is obvious in everything connected with this youth movement. On All Saints' Day, 1930, 600 members sailed in boats along the canals of Amsterdam, each girl holding a lighted candle and meditating during the hour's procession on some holy woman who in passing through the world had been a shining light to men. This spectacle impressed and touched the citizens of Amsterdam who crowded to view it. In their acting, the members began with world-known plays and revivals of Middle Age Dutch plays but found that symbolic plays were most in request; and finally they decided to write their own plays which are concrete expressions of their ideals. They acted "Parsifal," written by themselves, and their plays based on the mysteries of the Faith. Finally they broke away altogether from acting as we know it. The "stage" they wanted was the crowded thoroughfare; for their work is amongst crowds. The Amsterdam procession was, in itself, a beautiful play. A little later they rented a great stadium at Amsterdam, (Concluded on page 122)

The Virgin Mary Guadalupe

ANNE SUTTON

THERE was great sorrow in the little cabin of the Indian Juan Diego, which stood a league to the north of the ancient city of Mexico, at the foot of the barren hills of Tepayacac. Great sorrow indeed, for his beloved uncle lay in the throes of a malignant disease and the black angel of death seemed already to be hovering over him. Much that is curable now, was not so in the year 1531, and the chill December winds were fatal to many in their ill-heated, poor dwellings. But Juan Diego's love was great for this uncle of his and he cast about for some means to save him. Being an Indian he had some knowledge of the medicinal properties of certain herbs and he bethought himself to cook them into a mixture which might peradventure prove helpful to the patient. But when he looked into the *olla* where these herbs were usually kept, he found to his great grief that it was empty. What to do? It was the twelfth of December and nothing green could be found on the bare, sere hills. He sat down in discouragement and held his head in his hands, overcome with sorrow. He sat thus a long time, bowed down. A low moan from the bed of the sick man roused him, and he went over to give him a drink of cold water and to lay his cool hand on the feverish brow of his uncle. The patient seemed to draw relief from this. It was cold enough, his hand. The wind whistled through the chinks in the adobe bricks of the little house, and the small fire of cow chips gave off but scant warmth.

Why was that *olla* empty? He remembered now that his uncle himself had given the last of the dried herbs to a poor neighbor who had lain in a fever, never thinking that he himself would so soon need them. And even if he had known that it might cost him his own life, Juan knew well that he would never have hesitated to give away to help another that which might save his own. And now Death, the grim debtor, had come to collect his toll. But no! not while he, Juan, was here to help! He would go out on the bare hills and search. Perhaps the health-giving herbs could still be found. If not

fresh and green, perhaps dried and withered, but still holding within themselves those qualities which cured this ghastly fever.

He waited until his uncle had fallen into a fitful slumber and then he wrapped himself into his *tilma*, a loose mantle, to protect himself against the chill wind, and set forth upon his quest. He walked along with his eyes on the ground, gathering here and there a sprig of the herbs he was looking for. But, although not entirely fruitless, his search was not rewarded with abundance and his steps grew more and more tired and his spirit more and more discouraged. When, lo! upon that wintry hillside, where all was sere and cold and barren, there was wafted to him the fragrance of lovely spring flowers and at the same time his ears caught the sound of wonderful, sweet music. Astonished, he looked up, and there, right in his path, stood a heavenly form, robed in resplendent white, shining with celestial splendor. Juan Diego gave one startled glance and then turned to flee. But the Blessed Virgin, for it was she, called to him and said: "Juan Diego, go and tell the Bishop that he should erect for me a place of worship in this very spot, so that I can more readily aid the Mexicans."

Juan Diego listened with wonder and awe, but even so, though he was a devout Christian, his first thought was for his beloved uncle, who had need of help. So he answered, albeit with fear and trembling: "It is a long way to the city where dwells His Holiness the Bishop, and ere I could go and return again night would fall and I could not see to gather these herbs which I am searching. And have them I must, for otherwise my uncle will assuredly die this coming night."

But the Virgin said in her melodious voice: "Fear not, Juan Diego, and do as I say. Thy uncle has no further need of herbs, for he is well this instant. But do thou go to the Bishop and do my bidding."

Obedient in his faith, Juan Diego did as he was told and went directly to the city to the Bishop's palace. He was rather timid about

asking admission, but he thought that if it really was a celestial command, the way would be opened for him. However, when he arrived at the palace gates, the guards, upon looking at his poor clothing, merely laughed at him and refused to let him enter.

"See the Bishop? Begone, varlet! His Lordship does not squander time on such as thee!"

"But I must see him. I have a very important message for him."

"A message? From whom? Where is the packet? Where are thy credentials?"

But Juan Diego had neither a packet with a seal nor yet any credentials, and by sheer dint of being called a fool, he half believed himself that he had been the victim of his own imagination. So, a little shamefaced, he went back to the hill of Tepeyacac to gather a few more *remedios*, before he sought the shelter of his cabin, which lay on the other side of the mountain.

But as he climbed the hill the same resplendent apparition stood before him. It was not necessary for Juan Diego to tell of the failure of his mission. The Holy Virgin already knew all about it.

"Oh, thou of little faith," she said, "why didst thou not persist and do my bidding? Go back and tell the Bishop that it is Guadalupe, the Virgin Mary, come to dwell amongst and protect the Mexicans, who sends thee."

Juan Diego returned to the city as he had been bidden, and this time forced his way past the guards into the very presence of His Lordship, the Bishop. His Lordship was busy in a conference with his secretary, who was writing at his dictation with an enormous turkey quill. They both looked at the disheveled Indian in great surprise and disapproval.

"Who is this man and what does he want?" asked the Bishop.

Juan Diego knelt down and kissed the hem of the Bishop's purple robe.

"So it please Your Lordship," he said timidly, "Guadalupe, the Virgin Mary, appeared to me on the hillside where I was gathering herbs for my sick uncle, and told me to say unto you that you should build a chapel upon the hill of Tepeyacac in her honor!"

The Bishop looked at him with a severe frown. "Thy very presence here is an offense

and impertinence, thou knave. And that thou shouldst come like this, drunk with pulque is an added insult. Apparitions, forsooth, to such as thee? Begone! If I hear any more of such nonsense I shall have thee thrown into the *cárcel*!"

But Juan Diego had less fear of the Bishop in spite of his magnificence and his frown, than he had of the luminous figure who had bidden him perform this errand. He raised his hands in supplication and said earnestly:

"I am not drunk, Your Lordship. I am perfectly sober, but such was the command, in truth, that I was to give you."

"If thou art not drunk, then thou art a fool and hast lost thy wits. Apparitions indeed! These miracles happened in the days of the saints, but not at present. We in our sinful state are not worthy to receive communications from heaven."

With that His Lordship turned again towards his secretary. However, Juan Diego was not going to be put off. He came a little nearer to the great man and laid hold of the hem of his robe.

"I know that I am but a simple, witless man, Your Lordship," he said earnestly, "and that I am most unworthy to be the bearer of such tidings. If it happens to be I, so please Your Holiness, it is only because I was the only one present on the hillside at that time, or perhaps because my good uncle in the great goodness of his heart, had given the last of the curing *remedios* to a poor woman, and is even now in danger of dying because he kept none for himself. I know not why I was chosen, but I dare not return to that spot without having executed my mission."

Something about his earnest, upturned face touched the august prelate and he relented.

"If it is indeed as thou hast said, return to this spot and ask for a sign,—some flowers,—as a token. If it is in truth the Mother of God herself, she can easily give thee these, even though it be midwinter. But unless thou returnest with this token I shall not believe what thou sayest."

Juan Diego returned to the hillside, confused and unhappy. He knew as well as the Bishop that flowers are not to be found in midwinter, and after his terrifying experience in the

presence of the great man he felt lucky to have gotten away without having been punished for his presumption. So he resolved to leave well enough alone and avoid any further complications and dangers by going along a different path to his house. It had grown almost dark anyway and he had no courage left to brave supernatural communications while looking for herbs. However, when he came near the hill where the Blessed Virgin had first appeared to him, he could see, even from a distance, that the luminous form was still there. He faced her now with less trepidation, for he had done her bidding, even though he had not succeeded.

"Thou hast seen the Bishop?" she inquired.

Juan Diego related the result of his visit, still feeling that perhaps he was, after all, the victim of an hallucination. But the Blessed Virgin said:

"Juan Diego, thou hast suffered unjustly for my sake, but thou shalt be rewarded. Go thou up on yonder rock and thou wilt find the flowers thou seekest for the Bishop."

Dazedly Juan Diego climbed up the bare rock. It was difficult going, for snow and ice had settled in the cracks, and he slipped again and again. But finally he reached the top, and there in a little fragrant patch grew the beautiful flowers that had been promised him. He picked them reverently and brought them back to the Blessed Virgin. She took them from his trembling hand and tossed them into his mantle which he had spread on the ground at her feet.

"Take these to the Bishop," she said. "He will not fail to believe thee now, for he well knows that flowers do not naturally bloom at this season, much less upon a barren rock."

And with these words she vanished.

Once more, in the falling night, Juan Diego wended his way to the city and to the portal of the Bishop's palace. The guards nudged each other as he approached and touched their foreheads. But he walked past them unconcernedly, thinking that he carried that which would vindicate him.

The Bishop looked up with a little frown of annoyance when he again beheld him; but, feeling sorry for the poor unfortunate he inquired kindly:

"Well, Juan Diego, hast thou succeeded?

Where are the flowers? Thou knowest that if thou hast failed, it is the cárcel for thee."

In reply Juan Diego bowed low and then, opening his mantle, he laid the fragrant flowers in the Bishop's lap.

Here now was proof undisputable. But their eyes were fastened not so much on the flowers, as on the humble tilma, made of the fibre of the maguey plant, for there where the flowers had touched it, appeared the perfect image of the Blessed Virgin, just as she had shown herself so graciously to Juan Diego.

The Bishop's doubts were at an end and he recognized that a miracle indeed had happened and that the Mother of God had really appeared to this humble Indian messenger. He convened a conclave of church dignitaries and showed them the mantle with the miraculous image and told Juan Diego's story. And forthwith a magnificent chapel was built upon the very spot where the Blessed Virgin had appeared to the poor Indian, and the wonderful image was placed therein.

But Juan Diego was glad to escape again to his humble adobe hut, where no one doubted his word, and where, to his great joy, he really found his beloved uncle fully recovered.

This legend of the most famous shrine of Old Mexico is taken from a footnote of "Leading Facts of New Mexican History" by Ralph Emerson Twitchell, who in turn quotes it from Josiah Gregg's "Commerce of the Prairies."—AUTHOR'S NOTE.

Little Arthur was getting ready to go to the zoo. "I want some sugar," he said. "I can have lots of fun with a bag of lump sugar and the elephants."

"When I was your age," remarked his father, "I could have a heap of fun with a bag of lump sugar without any elephants."

"Papa, is this a camel's hair brush?"

"Yes, my child, that's a camel's hair brush."

"Golly, papa, it must take him a terrible long time to brush himself."

"Mother, are you the nearest relative I've got?" asked Ethel.

"Yes, dear, and your father is the closest."

"Papa, I saved ten cents to-day. I ran all the way to school behind a street car."

"Why didn't you run behind a taxicab and save a dollar?"

Notes of Interest

Miscellaneous

—The fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood and the sixtieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of the Precious Blood was celebrated at Carthage, Ohio, on Aug. 1 by the Rev. Benedict Boebner, C. PP. S., editor of the *Messenger of the Precious Blood*. Father Benedict, as he is popularly known, has in his day been teacher, pastor, and missionary. The venerable jubilarian, who is still quite active, has a large circle of friends among both clergy and laity. *Ad multos annos!*

—The Archbishops and Bishops of the Cincinnati Province issued a lengthy and impressive statement entitled "Problems of Agriculture from the Standpoint of Catholic Principles." They stress particularly that the farm is a place to live and make a living; that it should not be industrialized.

—A. J. Houston, son of the famous General Sam Houston, was among the class of converts to the faith recently confirmed at Galveston.

—Twenty members of the family of the Victorian novelist, Charles Dickens, lately attended the marriage of the great grandson of this noted writer to a Catholic girl.

—The consecration by Pope Pius XI of five new native Asiatic bishops was an inspiring spectacle. It is noted that twenty per cent of the Catholics of Asia are under native bishops, while fully sixty per cent are cared for by native clergy.

—In recognition and appreciation of the work done among the Lithuanian Catholics in the United States, the Government of Lithuania conferred its highest honor, "Commander of the Order of Gediminas Grand Duke of Lithuania," on two American nuns, Mother Cyril Conway, of the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Scranton, Pa., and Mother Maria Kaupas, Foundress and Superior General of the Sisters of St. Casimir, Chicago.

—The heroism of an unnamed Chinese servant has enabled Father Esteban, a Spanish Jesuit, to receive Holy Communion secretly in a bandit camp for the first time since he was captured, sixteen months ago. The servant went to camp carrying medicine as an excuse. He stayed three days, but the bandits kept too close a watch to enable him to carry out his real mission. On the third day, however, his chance came. Finding himself alone with the priest, he quickly opened his shirt and drew out a pyx wrapped in silk in which was concealed a single consecrated Host. Hurriedly, but in a transport of joy, Father Esteban received the Blessed Sacrament just before the guard came in.

Benedictine

—The Very Rev. Francis Augustine Walsh, O. S. B., of St. Anselm's Priory and Regent of the Seminary of the Catholic University of America, gave the addresses during the "Catholic Hour" on July 16, 23, 30, and Aug. 6. Dr. Walsh is also an instructor in philosophy at the Catholic University and at Trinity College.

—The Very Rev. Gerard Heinz, O. S. B., Prior of St. Benedict's Abbey, Atchison, Kansas, on July 11 passed the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession. The jubilarian was the first scholastic to receive the Benedictine habit from the hands of Abbot Innocent Wolf, first Abbot of Atchison.

—The Rev. Herman Mengwasser, O. S. B., of the same Abbey, celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination on July 31.

—During the past two years St. Benedict's Abbey has had the pastoration of the Mexicans at Atchison. Recently the activity of the Abbey has been extended also to the colored, who have been gathered into a small congregation.

—Assumption Abbey at Richardton, N. D., recently admitted seven novices to profession. This is the first religious profession that has taken place at the Abbey since its restoration a few years ago.

—On the occasion of the recent Catechist Congress at Montserrat Abbey in Spain a choir of 15,000 children alternated with the monks in the singing of the Mass. The 30,000 people who participated in the Congress were conveyed up the mountain in 400 buses and 300 motor coaches.

—Solemes Abbey in France, famous the world over for the restoration to the Church of the Gregorian Chant, passed on July 11 of this year the one hundredth Anniversary of its restoration by Dom Prosper Guéranger, who is widely known for his "Liturgical Year."—Solemes Abbey which dates back to the year 1010 was suppressed in 1790 by the wave of anti-religion that swept over Europe at the time of the French Revolution. Dom Guéranger, who was a secular priest at the time that he restored the Abbey and the celebration of the sacred liturgy at Solemes, made his religious profession as a Benedictine at Rome in the Abbey of St. Paul's Outside-the-Walls on July 26, 1837. Gregory XVI, then reigning, appointed the newly professed Abbot of the restored monastery. On Jan. 30, 1875, Abbot Guéranger passed to his reward.

—In the Convent of St. Benedict at St. Joseph, Minn., thirty-eight novices were invested and twenty-six Sisters made perpetual vows.

—Abbot Cuthbert Goeb, O. S. B., of Assumption Abbey, Richardton, N. D., conducted a retreat at the Abbey for laymen. So successful was the retreat that he had to conduct another for those who had been prevented from attending the previous exercises. A laymen's retreat guild was organized.

—During the annual convention of the Catholic Hospital Association at St. Louis recently a tablet was unveiled on the site where the first hospital west of the Mississippi River is reputed to have stood. This was the Mullanphy which was established by the Sisters of Charity in 1828. The unveiling of the tablet was performed by Sister M. Boniface, O. S. B., who founded St. Alexius Hospital at Bismarck, N. Dak. This venerable religious, who entered the Benedictine Order sixty-one years ago, is still Superior of the hospital at Bismarck. It is said that among her first patients was the famous Sioux Chief, Sitting Bull.

(Concluded on page 122)

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Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D. Express and freight via Rolla, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Immaculate Conception Mission, Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Richard Mattingly, O. S. B. Mail to St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

AUGUST DAYS

Just now the Dakotas are having their hottest weather! Summer was slow in coming, as usual, but when she does come, she makes up for lost time. The second week in May the nights were still so cold that ice formed wherever there was water, and the year before, on the 26th of May, the children were all prepared to go home, when on came a terrific blizzard which prevented them from leaving the school.

They are eager and anxious to go home, even though that home is but a rude hut or tepee, with but the poorest furniture. This year the weather was more favorable, and when the parents came with their various vehicles to get them, there was nothing to impede their departure. Only one more month of the long, glorious vacation, with its delectable freedom in wood and prairie. But that is all well enough in the warm summer days; when the chill autumn winds begin to blow again, the kiddies are glad to be in their warm, sanitary schools, with plenty to eat and decent warm clothing to wear, to say nothing of clean white beds, and warm, comfortable rooms when the weather registers low temperatures outside.

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

Our good Father Ambrose has been on the sick list, having had a serious operation; he is still weak, but gradually recovering. This good missionary has been in the Dakota mission field since his ordination many, many years back, and the snows of winter are appearing on his venerable head, from long, unselfish service among the Indians. In this selfish day and age, it is indeed a wonderful thing to behold men so filled with Divine Love and apostolic zeal, going into the mission field with no thought of gain for self, but only the welfare of the poor, neglected Indian at heart. What a glorious trail that is, and what a reward awaits those who have given years upon years of this selfless service to their fellow man! Let us say a prayer for Father Ambrose, that he may soon recover his vigor and be spared to his beloved Indians for many, many more years.

THOSE SEWING MACHINES

Don't forget about those sewing machines we are trying to get for Father Ambrose. So far we have been

able to get only three, while six are needed. Who will send in a donation? Any amount is welcome—from 25¢ to \$25.00! We are able to obtain good reconditioned sewing machines very cheaply in St. Louis. Now, during vacation is a good time to get the rest of these machines, so they will be on hand in September when the children return. The last one, writes Father Damian, was hailed with great joy by the Indian women; it was placed in their sewing-circle room, and they are delighted with it. They can now get their sewing done much more quickly than before. They make quilts and boys' trousers and waists and layettes for the babies. Send donations to Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

While the summer is sweltering, it is kinder to the Indians than the winter, for in summer one does not need heavy clothing or fuel to keep warm; then, there are berries and other wild fruits in the woods which may be picked, thus helping out on the provisions. Here is a tumble-down shack by the river, with broken windows, loose-fitting doors, and with perhaps a cheap, second-hand bed and a cracked cookstove for furniture. There on the wind-swept prairie is a log hut, with roof made of grass and mud; the floor is of packed mud. There are no chairs, and the family and guests are obliged to sit on the floor, winter and summer.

To such homes do the little Indian children come during vacation, and often, all the lessons in sanitation and personal cleanliness are perforce lost by a summer of such existence. In September, then, they return, and the lessons must all be learned over again. But they soon show their liking of civilized ways, orderly routine, clean beds and warm rooms; at night, 230 sleepy little heads lie on clean, soft pillows, and as many little tired bodies are snugly tucked in under warm blankets, all provided by kind benefactors, without whom none of this would be possible. Father will have had a hard time with unpaid bills this winter; let us help him to get them cleared up.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

If the weather behaves, Marty will have a good crop of potatoes; two hundred bushels were used for seed, planted on twenty acres. With sufficient moisture, Father Sylvester hopes to find about fifteen hundred bushels when he sends the boys out to dig for them in September. Three hundred and twenty-five children can eat quite a number of "spuds" at dinner and supper during one school year, so let us pray that our Lord will send enough rain this year, so that a good crop will be obtained. This will help a great deal on the provision bill.

Father has a plan to build separate cabins around the Mission to care for tubercular Indians; one good

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Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

Rev. Ambrose Mattingley, O. S. B., and Rev. Damian Preske, O. S. B. Mail to St. Michael, N. D. Express and freight via Fort Totten, N. D.

Rev. Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B. Mail to St. Ann's Mission, Belcourt, N. D. Express and freight via Rolla, N. D.

Rev. Pius Boehm, O. S. B., Rev. Justin Snyder, O. S. B., and Rev. Fintan Baltz, O. S. B. Mail to Immaculate Conception Mission, Stephan, S. D. Express and freight via Highmore, S. D.

Rev. Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., and Rev. Richard Mattingly, O. S. B. Mail to St. Paul's Mission, Marty, S. D. Express and freight via Ravinia, S. D.

AUGUST DAYS

Just now the Dakotas are having their hottest weather! Summer was slow in coming, as usual, but when she does come, she makes up for lost time. The second week in May the nights were still so cold that ice formed wherever there was water, and the year before, on the 26th of May, the children were all prepared to go home, when on came a terrific blizzard which prevented them from leaving the school.

They are eager and anxious to go home, even though that home is but a rude hut or tepee, with but the poorest furniture. This year the weather was more favorable, and when the parents came with their various vehicles to get them, there was nothing to impede their departure. Only one more month of the long, glorious vacation, with its delectable freedom in wood and prairie. But that is all well enough in the warm summer days; when the chill autumn winds begin to blow again, the kiddies are glad to be in their warm, sanitary schools, with plenty to eat and decent warm clothing to wear, to say nothing of clean white beds, and warm, comfortable rooms when the weather registers low temperatures outside.

LITTLE FLOWER SCHOOL

Our good Father Ambrose has been on the sick list, having had a serious operation; he is still weak, but gradually recovering. This good missionary has been in the Dakota mission field since his ordination many, many years back, and the snows of winter are appearing on his venerable head, from long, unselfish service among the Indians. In this selfish day and age, it is indeed a wonderful thing to behold men so filled with Divine Love and apostolic zeal, going into the mission field with no thought of gain for self, but only the welfare of the poor, neglected Indian at heart. What a glorious trail that is, and what a reward awaits those who have given years upon years of this selfless service to their fellow man! Let us say a prayer for Father Ambrose, that he may soon recover his vigor and be spared to his beloved Indians for many, many more years.

THOSE SEWING MACHINES

Don't forget about those sewing machines we are trying to get for Father Ambrose. So far we have been

able to get only three, while six are needed. Who will send in a donation? Any amount is welcome—from 25¢ to \$25.00! We are able to obtain good reconditioned sewing machines very cheaply in St. Louis. Now, during vacation is a good time to get the rest of these machines, so they will be on hand in September when the children return. The last one, writes Father Damian, was hailed with great joy by the Indian women; it was placed in their sewing-circle room, and they are delighted with it. They can now get their sewing done much more quickly than before. They make quilts and boys' trousers and waists and layettes for the babies. Send donations to Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

IMMACULATE CONCEPTION MISSION

While the summer is sweltering, it is kinder to the Indians than the winter, for in summer one does not need heavy clothing or fuel to keep warm; then, there are berries and other wild fruits in the woods which may be picked, thus helping out on the provisions. Here is a tumble-down shack by the river, with broken windows, loose-fitting doors, and with perhaps a cheap, second-hand bed and a cracked cookstove for furniture. There on the wind-swept prairie is a log hut, with roof made of grass and mud; the floor is of packed mud. There are no chairs, and the family and guests are obliged to sit on the floor, winter and summer.

To such homes do the little Indian children come during vacation, and often, all the lessons in sanitation and personal cleanliness are perforce lost by a summer of such existence. In September, then, they return, and the lessons must all be learned over again. But they soon show their liking of civilized ways, orderly routine, clean beds and warm rooms; at night, 230 sleepy little heads lie on clean, soft pillows, and as many little tired bodies are snugly tucked in under warm blankets, all provided by kind benefactors, without whom none of this would be possible. Father will have had a hard time with unpaid bills this winter; let us help him to get them cleared up.

ST. PAUL'S MISSION

If the weather behaves, Marty will have a good crop of potatoes; two hundred bushels were used for seed, planted on twenty acres. With sufficient moisture, Father Sylvester hopes to find about fifteen hundred bushels when he sends the boys out to dig for them in September. Three hundred and twenty-five children can eat quite a number of "spuds" at dinner and supper during one school year, so let us pray that our Lord will send enough rain this year, so that a good crop will be obtained. This will help a great deal on the provision bill.

Father has a plan to build separate cabins around the Mission to care for tubercular Indians; one good
(Concluded on page 122)



MARY'S ASSUMPTION

Who cometh up from the desert,
And on her Beloved doth lean!
Exult! O Courts of the Blessed,
And welcome to Heaven thy Queen!

Israel's Lily, she cometh!
The glory and joy of our race;
Immaculate, uncorrupted;
To reign as the Mother of Grace!

Swing open pearl-studded portals!
Her scepter and coronal bring!
With "Salve Regina!" "Ave!"
Let the earth and the Heavens ring!

"Regina Coeli!" acclaim her,
To God's Virgin Mother give praise;
And honor whom the King loveth
To honor, through unending days!

—XAVERIA MACDONALD.

CHAT

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: Since last we met in the CORNER, Aunt Agnes enjoyed a visit from the editor of THE GRAIL, Very Rev. Benedict G. Brown, O. S. B., and I wish that all of you Boys and Girls might have enjoyed the same privilege. In fancy, however, we saw you grouped about the Round Table discussing with us just how to bind the members more closely, how to establish a stronger union, how to increase interest and many other items tending to strengthen the bond already existing.

Before another issue of THE GRAIL reaches you, school will have begun and all will be busy with the various activities pertaining thereto. Many of you will enjoy the privilege of attending a Catholic school while others will enroll again in the public school. But whoever you are or wherever you may be, you may conduct yourselves in a manner becoming to Catholic boys and girls. You will find that life runs along much more smoothly if you are faithful to your prayers, faithful in attending holy Mass, and faithful in the reception of the sacraments of penance and Holy Communion. There is nothing so conducive to the leading of a beautiful life as receiving often our dear Lord in Holy Communion. If you are so situated that you cannot receive often you still can pile up for yourselves many graces each day by receiving our Lord spiritually, that

is, by desiring to receive Him. Say often, for instance, "Come, O dear Jesus, come into my heart. Deliver it from all its evils. Enrich it with all Thy goods. It desires ardently to receive Thee. Amen." This beautiful prayer, and many others, is one that was taught to many first Holy Communion classes by a very pious priest from St. Meinrad, Indiana, Father Claude M. Ebner, O. S. B., who not only did parish work but also labored long among the Indians of both North and South Dakota.

Children who attend the public schools often complain that teachers make unfair statements in regard to Catholic doctrines and practices because they are misinformed, hence it is well for Catholic boys and girls to keep well posted in regard to their religion that they may be able to refute such statements and to give clear explanations of questions arising. Never allow others to make unfair statements of your holy religion without an attempt to set them right in a kindly way. However failing to do so, do not quarrel but absent yourselves from such a person or group.

I meant to tell you at the outset that Aunt Agnes and her family enjoyed the privilege of hearing Holy Mass right in her own home, for good Father Benedict brought with him a Mass kit for the purpose of saying Mass in the home because there is no church near by.

You have heard of mending kits, and army kits, and first-aid kits and many other kinds of kits, but did you ever hear of a Mass kit? Well, a Mass kit looks like a big suit case and it contains every thing that a priest needs with which to say Holy Mass, and this makes it possible to convert any home into a chapel for the time being. Some missionaries, army chaplains, and other priests make use of these kits when there is no church convenient.

THE CORNER was also honored by a visit from Rev. Father Sylvester Eisenman, O. S. B., missionary to the Sioux Indians at Marty, S. D., and his assistant, Rev. Richard Mattingly, O. S. B., who is spending a year at the mission learning the ways of the brown-eyed, dark-skinned boys and girls.

This CHAT has resolved itself into not only a greeting, a miniature lecture, but also a news letter.

Good Luck to all of you for the new school year!

PRAYER

It's just a little talk with God,
Our dearest, kindest friend;
It soothes the heart and makes it strong,
The noble to defend!

FROM SHEPHERD BOY TO MARTYR

From the German by Fr. Patrick, O. S. B.

(Concluded)

In his heart Peter had two great wishes. He wanted to be a priest and he wanted to be a missionary and to go into the far-away mission lands. His first wish was soon to be fulfilled, for the second one it was necessary to wait some time. After his first Holy Mass which he celebrated in the same church in which he received his first Holy Communion he received an appointment in a small village. Later he was made pastor in a village at the foot of the Jura mountains. In both places he worked with great success. But his heart burned with the desire to go to the missions. He asked his Bishop for permission to go and it was allowed him. He left with a lay brother and after a long journey they arrived at the island of Futuna, which was to be now his second home.

Father Chanel—thus was Peter now known—with an interpreter called on the king of the island, who was only the chief of a few hundred natives. In reply to his question whether he might stay on the island and work among the natives, the king, after consulting his counselors, gave his permission. In celebration of this contract the national drink was prepared and all were invited to share in a great feast. All sat on mats which were spread on the ground. Father Chanel gave away many little presents which he had brought with him.

To begin his missionary work, Father Chanel knelt down and dedicated his new home to the Blessed Virgin, whose medal he fastened on a tree in remembrance of this dedicational act.

Then began hard work for the missionaries. First they had to learn the language of the islanders, and this required a long time, as there was no book from which they could study. The natives were very superstitious. The missionaries watched them in order to learn their customs. It was difficult for them to get enough to eat, for they could not eat the animals raw as the natives did. They found some fruit which they managed to eat, although it was not very good. This helped them to wait for the only meal of the day which was had in the evening.

In the king's house the missionaries had little rest. Not far away a little hut was built for them. In a few days it was finished. The missionaries had been on the island now for a month, but they had never had an opportunity to celebrate Holy Mass. Now, however they erected a little altar in their hut and decorated it as well as they could. Then they invited the king and the natives to attend the Holy Sacrifice. The missionaries were somewhat anxious, because they did not know how the natives would act when they saw Holy Mass celebrated. Soon, however, they were filled with joy, as they saw that the king and his subjects were enthusiastic over the ceremonies and the singing of the missionaries. Father Chanel was very happy now, for he knew that the Savior would bestow His

blessing on the island. After this the Holy Sacrifice was often offered up.

It was difficult for the missionaries to deal with the natives, who were a very distrustful people. They could not easily give up their belief in the many pagan gods and believe in the one God of the Christians. However, Father Chanel managed to gather around him a few of them whom he instructed well in the Catholic religion.

Now a new difficulty faced the Christians. The king did not continue to be so friendly as formerly and they began to persecute the followers of the missionaries. The natives threatened to burn down the houses of those who became Christians. Because of this some were frightened into leaving their newly-found religion. Others remained true. Father Chanel tried to regain the favor of the king. But he feared the spread of the Christian religion and he gave orders that the persecution should be continued. Every day it became worse. Nearly everything was stolen from the missionaries and they had only a little food, which some of the good natives brought them. The missionaries, on the other hand, continued to act friendly with the natives and did all that they could for them.

Not long after came the fatal day. A crowd of natives came toward the hut of Father Chanel. They sent a messenger ahead who asked Father Chanel for something to heal a wound that Musumusu had made. Then one of the murderers came and asked the good Father to loan him the stick which he held in his hand. Father Chanel did so without delay. Now Musumusu the leader of the gang appeared and asked for a remedy for his wound.

"How were you wounded?" asked the Father.

"Knocking down coconuts."

"Wait here, I will get you a remedy immediately."

Two of the gang followed Father Chanel. One of them took a bundle of clothes from the hut.

"Why are you stealing in my house?" asked Father Chanel.

Without answering the thief went over to the window and threw the bundle out. Father Chanel went to the window and saw a crowd hastening towards the hut. At this moment Musumusu cried impatiently: "Why do you hesitate to kill the men?" The messenger then struck Father Chanel and cried, "Beat him to death." Immediately another struck the poor Father with a club. Father Chanel raised his arm and said, "Don't do it! Don't do it!" But they continued to beat him. He took a few steps backward. Another blow brought the blood gushing forth. Father Chanel sank against the wall, murmuring lightly, "Very good, very good." No complaint escaped from his lips in this difficult hour.

Father Chanel was not yet dead. The natives now left him and began to take everything that was in the house. Musumusu shouted that someone should kill the priest, but no one heeded him. He then took a mantle and fled, scared by a thunderbolt.

When the robbers had left, two young students of Father Chanel came to the hut. Finding the good Father bleeding on the ground, they called him by

name. He looked at them kindly and said, "For me death is a great blessing."

Father Chanel was dead. The shepherd boy from faraway France had won a martyr's crown. He had suffered much but he had gained a rich reward. It is true, the island was not yet Catholic, but now that the blood of a martyr had been shed upon it, there was to be a change. Sorrow for the bloody act had a great effect upon the heathens. After another year there was not a heathen left on the island. And to-day the Christians of the island of Futuna honor the good Father Chanel as their intercessor in heaven.

This is the story of a shepherd boy who won a martyr's crown.

EXCHANGE SMILES

"It is the duty of every one to make at least one person happy during the week," said a Sunday School teacher. "Have you done so, Freddy?"

"Yes," said Freddy promptly.

"That's right. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she was happy when I went home."

"What time does the next train come in?" asked Edward, aged six, of the old rural station agent.

"Why, you little rascal, I've told you five times before that it comes in at 4:44."

"I know it," replied Edward, "but I like to see your whiskers wobble when you say '4:44.'"

Catholic Action for Girls

(Concluded from page 118)

where 2,000 members gave displays, moving on the stage in military sections and singing, chanting and speaking in unison, taking up from one section to another and so to the mass of girls a call of Faith and action.

The Grail offers girls a modern organization, meeting the times, dynamic, of practical use in the building of character, in the development of vital spiritual personalities, interesting, and even exciting. It is an answer in these days of crisis to the Holy Father's call to action, a glorification of the Cross.

Notes of Interest

(Concluded from page 117)

—Bishop Martin Marty, O. S. B., first Abbot of St. Meinrad, then pioneer missionary among the Sioux, is said to have been the first to organize Catholic life permanently among his beloved Dakotas.

—Abbot Columban Thuis, O. S. B., of St. Joseph's Abbey, Louisiana, conducted four retreats on the

Pacific coast this summer. One of these was for the Fathers of St. Martin's Abbey, Lacey, Wash. Abbot Columban, formerly a member of St. Meinrad's Abbey, will be remembered by our readers as a frequent contributor to the pages of THE GRAIL, especially for his very interesting "Notes from the Field of Science."

—Douai Abbey at Woolhampton, England, solemnly opened its new Abbey Church recently. This monastic institution was begun in France by English Benedictines, and served as a refuge for English exiles, including James II after he had lost the English throne. When he died his body was preserved in the church.—Surviving many vicissitudes, especially that of the French Revolution, the monks, however, were finally forced by the Decree of Suppression in 1903 to seek refuge elsewhere. At the kind invitation of the Bishop of Portsmouth, they settled at the new Douai which has since flourished.

—St. Benedict's College, Atchison, Kansas, conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws on John S. Young, announcer of the National Broadcasting Company, in recognition of his Catholic Action through the medium of the radio.

Our Sioux Indian Missions

(Concluded from page 119)

lady has pledged herself to pay for one, and the Indian boys from the Mission carpenter shop and their instructor are anxious to begin work on it; the lumber has already been purchased. Father hopes that several more people will pledge themselves to this good work, so that a number of cabins may be built during the summer, to take care of these poor unfortunates. Who will help?

ST. ANN'S MISSION, BELCOURT, N. D.

Another mission field has been added to our list. It is the Turtle Mountain Indian Reservation, a strip of land six miles wide by twelve miles long. Of the 3,000 Indians, Chippewas, Crees, and remnants of other tribes that inhabit this reservation, by far the greater part are Catholics. The reservation lies about 125 miles northwest of Devils Lake and eight miles from the Canadian border. The post office is Belcourt, North Dakota. Father Hildebrand Elliott, O. S. B., who has been at Marty, South Dakota, the past two years, took charge of the new field on July 1 this year.

As one approaches Belcourt on Highway 5 from the East the mission church and priest's residence loom up near the top of the hill across the valley. The highway angles down hill past the United States Government school, homes of the various Government officials, stores, mill, hospital, and other buildings. About three-eighths of a mile from the highway and up the hill winds the trail to St. Ann's Mission Church. The reservation, which is covered with timber, looks beautiful in summer. The altitude is nearly 3,000 feet.

Just at present the missionary is an extremely busy man. Besides caring for the souls allotted to his care he is supervising considerable construction work. The church has to be repaired this summer; the residence

is being remodelled and fitted up for four Benedictine Sisters who are coming from Ferdinand, Indiana, in August to share in the labors of the missionary; a well had to be dug to supply the mission with water; a log cabin is being constructed for the missionary. All this the poor missionary has undertaken without a penny in his pocket. But then a missionary's credit is good in the Bank of Providence and he banks on Divine Providence to help him out.

In St. Ann's Mission Church is a large statue of the good St. Ann. For years past it has been the custom to preach a novena in preparation for the feast of this Saint which falls on July 26. This year the task of preaching the novena fell to the lot of Father Meinrad Hoffman, O. S. B., who is spending the summer in the West on the missions.

As time goes on more missionaries will be needed, for there is much work to be done. There are many Indians to be cared for. These, for the most part speak English, but many speak only French besides their native tongue, which bears no resemblance to the Sioux; still others have no means of communication except in the tongue of their forefathers.

Eventually it may be advisable to have several churches at convenient intervals on the reservation. At present there is one such dedicated to St. Anthony, possibly some seven miles west of St. Ann's. The exterior of this mission church is quite presentable, but the interior reminds one of the poverty of the stable of Bethlehem. Not only are the walls bare, but they are neither lathed nor plastered. The studdings stand forth like the ribs of a skeleton. The heating stove in the center of the room with its pipe running forward over the altar to a chimney in the sacristy, can not possibly warm the church in the rigorous winters of the Northland when the mercury descends to a point below zero that is 40 degrees plus.

BEADWORK AND EMBROIDERY

Children's moccasins, 75¢; babies', 50¢. Necklaces, 50¢; pin cushion, 50¢; Hand bags, \$1.00. EMBROIDERY: Scarfs, \$1.00; tea aprons, 50¢; Porch pad, 35¢; Bolster sham, 50¢; tea towels, 25¢ each. Write Clare Hampton, 5436 Holly Hills Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

The Brothers of Mercy

The Priest has many precious opportunities to influence the life, or rather the pathway of young men, by means of talks on vocation, in the religious instructions, in Sunday School, in the confessional, or in friendly intercourse. In the present materialistic age it is especially opportune that the Priest as "Spiritual Father" call the attention of young people to their choice of vocation—priest, missionary, or religious—the two last mentioned should be especially recommended to those young men who do not feel inclined to the call to the priesthood, but who still wish to devote their talents to higher ideals and to the spiritual life.

To the latter we especially recommend: Missionary work and the care of the sick as Religious Brothers. To both these classes can be applied the words of our

Divine Master: "The work is great, but the laborers are few." For either of these it is necessary to belong to a religious community, as being a member of a community not only helps one in his vocation and appoints the field of labor, but also frees one from the worries regarding material things.

Young men called to such a life have a splendid opportunity to receive a friendly reception by the Brothers of Mercy, 49 Cottage Street, Buffalo, N. Y. This Religious Institution of the Brothers of Mercy has a two-fold purpose: 1. Religious perfection of its members; 2. Active charity in the care of sick men, either in their own homes or in the hospital of the religious.

Young men between the ages of 17 and 37, who are animated by a true religious spirit, who for love of God wish to devote their lives to the care of the sick or other charitable works, are accepted. The time of probation as postulants and novices is spent at the Novitiate of the Brothers of Mercy, 49 Cottage Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Abbey and Seminary

—The heat and the drouth that visited a great part of the land in June and July was somewhat mitigated in our section by several good rains.

—On July 12 occurred the first anniversary of the death of Abbot Athanasius. Abbot Ignatius celebrated a Pontifical High Mass for the deceased prelate. R. I. P.

—Ye editor and Mr. August Ringemann, assistant business manager of the Abbey Press, attended the Catholic Press Convention in Chicago on June 22, 23, and 24. The editor then took two days off to see the Century of Progress. On the third day he left for the hills of northern Nebraska, the scene of his boyhood, to spend a few days with his aged mother and also with his sister and her family. Through the kindness of Father Sylvester, our Indian missionary at Marty, S. D., he was "toted" to this well-known mission and was also given the opportunity to visit St. Michael's near Devils Lake, N. D., and the newly acquired mission of St. Ann at Belcourt, N. D., on the Turtle Mountain Indian reservation. The grasshoppers had done untold damage to small grain and their depredations seemed not yet at an end. The corn still looked fair at the time of our peregrination. According to later reports prospects for corn are better. Father Sylvester estimates the loss caused by the grasshoppers to the mission this year at between \$10,000 and \$12,000.

—To the regret of the travelers circumstances did not permit our calling on the missionaries at Stephan, S. D.

—An event of the summer was the diamond jubilee of Brother Aloysius Olinger which fell on July 16, the day on which we celebrate the feast of Our Lady of Einsiedeln. A congratulatory program was carried out the evening previous. During the Solemn High Mass of the feast, after the Offertory, Bro. Aloysius renewed the vows that he had made to God on that very day in 1873. In the afternoon the community gathered around the jubilarian for a family feast.—Born in the neighboring town of Ferdinand on July 11, 1857, which is

now the Solemnity of St. Benedict, Bro. Aloysius spent his early years at the place of his birth. In his youth he heard the call to the religious life and came to St. Meinrad with the intention of preparing himself for the priesthood, but later on chose the lay brotherhood. While the occupations of the good Brother have been varied during the past six decades, the most of his time has been spent as teamster for the Abbey, hauling freight or passengers. Many thousands of miles has he traversed in all these years over roads and trails and in every kind of weather. In the early days oxen were the motive power for hauling heavy loads. These, in time, yielded to horses, which, finally, gave way to trucks, tractors, and passenger cars, all of which Bro. Aloysius has handled both successively and successfully.—Bro. Giles, his senior by one year, who has been on the Indian missions nearly fifty-seven years, passed his diamond jubilee on June 24, 1932. Three other members of our community, Fathers Benno Gerber, who died Dec. 14, 1931, Bede Maler, chaplain at St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville, and Pius Boehm, on the Indian mission at Stephan, S. D., have likewise passed the diamond jubilees of their profession. Fathers Benno and Bede also celebrated the diamond jubilee of the priesthood too.—Bro. Aloysius has lived under St. Meinrad's four abbots, each of whom he saw blessed and installed in office. While the jubilarian is afflicted with rheumatism, he is still able to be about. *Ad multos annos!*

—Some few changes have taken place during the summer. The "Ark," a dormitory that was built on the old college a number of years ago, has been turned into rooms for the increasing numbers in the Major Seminary. The Seminary dining room has been lengthened by two double windows, taking in what was in former years the "wash room." The athletic field below Lake Placid has been graded and levelled off for baseball, tennis, and other games.

—The frame building that occupies the place where the first monastery stood, near the old frame church, is being remodeled for the Junior Brothers' school. The workmen who lodged in this house now find rooms in what till last September served as the students' dining room; the tailor shop, which was also in the same building, now occupies quarters on the third floor of the monastery to the southeast, where in years past the philosophers of the Seminary had a dormitory.

—In compliance with the requirements of the insurance companies the complex of buildings that form College, Seminary, and Abbey, are now encircled by water mains with fifteen hydrants that provide ample protection against fire. Extensions of this water system will stretch out to the Abbey Press, the dairy barn and other buildings in the vicinity, and to the recreation halls of the seminarians. A pressure pump has been installed at the water tower to make 500,000 gallons of water available at 750 gallons per minute in case of fire.

—The appointment of the Rev. Lambert Enslinger, O. S. B., in July to the pastorate of the Annunciation parish at Aurora, Ill. (R. R. 3), removes from our midst one who for fourteen years was intimately con-

nected with affairs at the Abbey. Ordained in 1919, Father Lambert was assigned to the teaching staff in the Minor Seminary. Later on he was appointed vestiary or keeper of the monastic wardrobe. For the discharge of this duty as well as that of house prefect, and kitchen master he was well qualified. We shall miss him too from the choir in which he had been an active member for many years.

—All the Catholic papers have carried the story of the transfer of Jasper Academy from Jasper, Ind., to Aurora, Ill., where the Academy loses its identity under the name of Marmion, the Fox Valley Prep School for Boys. Jasper is too far removed from the busy world to be a convenient location for a boarding high school, especially since Catholic high schools are so numerous in our day. Aurora, which lies only thirty miles west from the outskirts of Chicago, is itself a little city of 30,000 with eleven parishes, a high school for girls and one for boys, two hospitals, and other Catholic institutions. The Fox Valley High School, which stands on the banks of the Fox River, was established six years ago. Up to the present the school was conducted by the Augustinians, who have now gone to Rockford at the invitation of Bishop Heban. His Excellency invited our community to take over the school thus made vacant at Aurora. The school will henceforward take boarders as well as day pupils. The faculty was also transferred from Jasper to Aurora.

—The bus between Louisville and Evansville, which for some months was routed by way of Tell City, has resumed its course through St. Meinrad on road 62.

—Father Bonaventure Goebel, O. S. B., class of '86, chancellor of the diocese of Bismarck, and chaplain of St. Alexius Hospital in that same city, paid a visit in June to relatives in his native city of New Albany. His *alma mater* also acknowledges a brief call. Father Bonaventure is now affiliated with Assumption Abbey at Richardton, N. D.

—As we go to press nine postulants are on retreat in preparation for the reception of the habit of St. Benedict on the morning of August 5. They are Messrs. Thomas Carson, Henry Baltz, Anthony Lux, and Frederick Fries, of Indianapolis; James Palmer, Murphysboro, Ill.; Sylvester Schmitt, Jasper, Ind.; Leo Elsperrmann, Evansville; Paul Popham, Cloverport, Ky.; Leo Deck, St. Louis.

—Brother Anthony, for long years sacristan of the Abbey Church, will pass the fiftieth anniversary of his religious profession on Sept. 9.

—Three of our alumni have passed to eternity this summer. The first was the Rev. John Ryves, class of '81, who died at Terre Haute on June 25. The deceased, who was a brother of Monsignor Ryves of Evansville, had been in poor health for some years. The second was the Rev. John Loibl, class of '97, who because of poor health had returned to his native Bavaria, where he died on June 28 at Kleinschwartzach. The third was the Rev. Francis Marks, class of '83, pastor at Collinsville, Ill. Father Marks, who celebrated his golden jubilee in May of this year, seemed to enjoy good health. His call came suddenly in July. R. I. P.



Conducted by CLARE HAMPTON

The Assumption

The farewells have been said; the Holy Virgin bids good-bye to all the Apostles; she is consumed by no bodily illness. Her body, even as her soul, was all perfection; no earthly disease ever attacked it. She is consumed by longing for her Son; fifteen years (as some records have it) she remained on earth after He ascended to Heaven, and those fifteen years were all too long for her. Yet she was patient, content to do His will, satisfied to remain with the infant Church, encouraging and supporting it. But now, the long, lonely trail of years has been traversed, and the end has come; her Son gave her to know, some days before, the day and hour when she would be called. So she was ready, comforting the stricken Apostles, consoling them, her heart a furnace of love and yearning for Him Whom she had not seen for so many long years; bathed in exaltation and ecstatic anticipation, she at last closed her beautiful eyes and slept. But not for long.

A picture has been painted by some artist, of what went on inside the rocky cave where the dead were laid. The tomb was in Gethsemane, scene of her Son's bloody Agony, and the hour was midnight. All is dark and silent; the Apostles are keeping watch outside, weeping and praying, and marvelling at the heavenly music which plays unceasingly for three days. Suddenly the tomb lights up; those outside know nothing of it. Outside it is dark, but inside a brilliant light illumines the rocky walls. Angels appear, then the Son of God; the angels remove the stone; Christ stoops, takes His Mother by her two hands and lifts her up. She rises, comes forth from the tomb, embraces her Son; the music is blissfully sweet and entrancing; they walk off together, the angels following, singing and playing on musical instruments. The light grows fainter and fainter; at last it is dark again. They are gone; only the empty tomb remains, and the linen graveclothes and fresh lilies, as the Apostles found three days later when they re-opened the tomb to show one of their number, who had been absent, the blessed remains.

Ormolu Ornamentation

The type of decoration called "ormolu" was first used on French furniture in the time of Louis XV. It consisted of scrolling, garlands, and other fancy carved mixed with mercury. This liquid was coated on the

designs made of metal and mounted on tables, desks, cabinets, etc. The name ormolu comes from the process of gilding the carved metal work with powdered gold mixed with mercury. This liquid was coated on the metal and then passed through heat to drive off the mercury. By this process the gold became an integral part of the ornament. The best of ormolu ornaments have delicacy, minuteness, and sharpness of detail not to be approached by wood-carving; some examples even approach the finish of goldsmiths' work.

The Louis XV ormolu-mounted furniture is easily recognized by its undulating curves; cabinet tops, instead of being straight and oblong, have their edges cut in curves; the sides often bulge, and the legs likewise are gracefully curved. The ormolu ornamentation is generally found at the top of the legs, and at the feet; likewise are drawer ornamentation and handles of this gilded metal. But ormolu did not only serve as decoration for wooden furniture; it also extended to wall candle brackets, candelabra used on table or cabinet, chandeliers, and clocks. Time there was when every parlor of any pretension possessed an ormolu clock, which generally boasted classic figures at either side of the dial, or upholding the dial itself. In President Diaz' palace at Mexico, there was an ormolu clock, which stood on the floor of the drawing room, as tall as a man.

In the case of the candle brackets, the holder for the taper was sustained by garlands or ribbons, or by a beautiful female figure. Many of our present-day movie palaces have imported antique Louis XV furniture from old French hotels and chateaux and furnished their luxurious rest rooms and lobbies with them. A close examination of these will disclose many a fine ormolu piece among them.

Eucharistia

WHY CHILDREN SHOULD COMMUNICATE OFTEN

The Holy Father wants the children especially to receive Holy Communion daily because they are inexperienced in the ways of the world, and oftentimes fall an easy prey to temptation; they are unsteady and easily influenced by strong argument; they are surrounded on all sides by great dangers to their immortal souls, and their hearts are easily led by the good as well as by the bad. Holy Communion is the strengthening food and wonderful medicine which they need, to make them steadfast in what is good, and strong in

overcoming evil. Many parents lead their own children astray by their worldly ways, their materialism, blocking even their innocent desire to communicate often. Some mothers complain that it is too troublesome to prepare breakfasts for the child to take along to school, in order that he may communicate, and others even discourage weekly communion, on the plea that "it's no use overdoing the situation."

To break away from their worldliness and to be more devoted to their Faith seems to them a foreign thing; they are afraid they will be regarded as "too holy" and not modern enough. Money-making and the luxuries of life seem to them the most important things on earth, and religion is only to be taken in very temperate doses. There are even parents who, during the summer, take their children to camps and cottages on Sundays where no Holy Mass can be heard on Sundays, and the little ones can do nothing about it.

This is extremely wrong, as it imbues the child's impressionable soul with indifference toward his religious duties; he begins to think it does not matter a great deal whether he misses Mass occasionally on Sunday, and as a result, becomes lukewarm toward the sacraments also. Our Lord expressed Himself very strongly on the subject of giving bad example to young, innocent children. What the child sees at home, that he will imitate.

The Bird Bath

Nothing so beautifies a yard as a bird-bath, where, in the hot, palpitating days of August, the little birds, with beaks wide open for want of water, may find rest and refreshment. The small outlay of money required to purchase one of these beautiful stands, will be amply repaid when the birds discover its presence, and begin congregating on its edge, filling their beaks and then raising their heads to Heaven as if in thanksgiving, and splashing bodily in the cool, refreshing liquid. Robins, especially, dote on water, and will come boldly right into the spray of a hose, lift their wings, shake their feathers, and luxuriate in the cool bath.

They will also jump right into the center of the bird-bath, where the water is deepest, and take a long, leisurely bath, provided no human startles them; if no face appears at window or door, but remains far in the background, unperceived, they will splash water to right and left in a delightful orgy, and when several are splashing together, it is a beautiful sight indeed. During the hot days, the water should be changed every day, even several times a day, for hot water is not very refreshing to a thirsty bird, any more than it is to us. The inside of the bowl may turn green in very hot weather, but if it is scrubbed out daily with a stiff whisk broom and then refilled, it will remain in good condition. It is very little trouble to scrub the broom around, sweep the water out on the grass, and then refill the bowl with a pail of cold water which has been brought from the house.

The base of the bird-bath may be beautified by surrounding with a circle of brown sponge rock, behind which bright-colored flowers may be planted. Petunia, called "Rosy Morn," is a very good flower for this pur-

pose, being in constant blossom from the beginning of Summer to the end. Stepping stones sunk in the grass around the bird-bath also enhance the appearance of the lawn.

Hot Weather Drinks

On hot August days, nothing is more grateful and acceptable than chilled fruit juices, or a basic foundation recipe, flavored every day in a different way. The wise housewife will always have a pitcher of some such cold, alluring concoction ready in the refrigerator, so that when father and the boys come home hot and wilted from their tennis game, or afternoon guests drop in for a chat on the front veranda, she will be able to conjure up a trayful of tinkling frosted glasses containing cooling comfort for a hot day, at a moment's notice.

Lemonade is always a good basic recipe, to which any sort of fruit juice may be added and blends well. Canned fruits prepared in syrup are very good to have on hand, the syrup to be used as flavoring, the fruits cut up and floating, topped with a red or green cherry, on the top. In strawberry and cherry time, these fruits may be boiled, mashed, and then strained, the juice boiled with sugar to make a syrup, which may be added to lemonade. Blackberries and raspberries may be used in the same way, while the always-acceptable grape juice, either homemade, or purchased in bottles, is a never-failing favorite. Canned pineapple juice blends well with any orange or lemon recipe, and for this purpose the crushed pineapple is best, as it may be heated in a little water, after the juice has been drained off, and then mashed with a potato masher, and the extra juice strained off, thus making more than could ordinarily be obtained from a can.

Some housewives make a practise of bottling all berry juices as they come in season, making enough to last over summer and winter, so that at all times they have a variety of drinks to serve at gatherings, or when a few friends call. These juices may be added to white soda, and served with a slice of lemon and a cherry on top; or they may be added to water, sugar and ginger ale, which last gives a sparkling tang to the drink; or strong tea, pineapple juice, and lemon may be blended together. If one has an electric refrigerator, the ice cubes may be colored and flavored with fruit juices, or colored green and flavored with mint extract.

Household Hints

If sausages are boiled gently for five minutes before frying, they will not burst.

White marks on polished table tops, caused by hot dishes or wet glasses, may be removed by rubbing with camphor oil. If stubborn, pour a little on and let soak for an hour or two, then rub.

On very hot summer days, the sickroom can be cooled by hanging a wet muslin cloth on each window, especially the sunny ones. This permits the light to enter, and the moisture on the cloth cools the hot breezes that come in. When the cloth dries, wet again.

Wax castors, rockers, and the bottoms of chair legs; then when they are pulled across the floor, they will not scratch it.

Mother should not be a martyr to her family of grown-ups; even small children can be taught to put away their clothing and hats and shoes and save mother more footsteps than are good for her.

Recipes

LOG CABIN SANDWICHES: Cut a loaf of whole-wheat bread into four slices lengthwise; then roll with a rolling-pin. Spread the first layer with butter, and creamed cottage cheese in which have been mixed chopped sweet pickles, celery, and green peppers, with salt and paprika. On the second layer, spread peanut butter, sliced tomatoes, salt and mustard. On the third layer minced ham, mayonnaise and lettuce. Cover with the fourth slice and cut into four servings, through all four layers. Place each four-decker sandwich on individual dish, pile a spoon of the cottage cheese on top, and then cover with two square cheese crackers, to form gable of log cabin, slantwise. These are very successful summer sandwiches. They may be placed on lettuce leaf and flanked by pickle and olives, cheese stick or stuffed celery.

Chapel Car at the World's Fair R. C. S.

The famous chapel car "St. Paul," "Iron Apostle" of the American Missions of the Catholic Church, is one of the many intensely interesting exhibits depicting progress in culture and religious work at Chicago's 1933 World's Fair—A Century of Progress, which opened May 27.

Although seldom seen by city dwellers, the "St. Paul" is known to thousands of people in the sparsely settled and isolated sections of the United States. At the Fair it will be seen by millions on its special tracks just opposite the Japanese Pavilion and Golden Temple of Jehol.

The car, one of the pair operated by the Extension Society of the Catholic Church for a number of years, has had many interesting experiences since March 14, 1915, the day on which it was dedicated by the late Cardinal Gibbons in New Orleans.

The first mission given by the "crew" of the chapel car was on March 21, 1915, in the little Louisiana town of Bunkie. Since that day it has been carried over railroads to out-of-the-way places where permanent church edifices are few and far between. Lumber-camps, construction camps, lonely stretches of prairie and mountain-hidden communities have been visited, and services have been conducted.

Chapel-car work was suspended during the World War, but was resumed soon afterwards in the States of Oregon and Washington by the "St. Peter." Meanwhile the "St. Paul" was active in the missions of North Carolina. Later the car was sent to Oklahoma, the first mission being at Elk City.

Religious workers agree that the work of this type of a moving church will probably soon be a thing of the past.

The automobile has solved the problem of distance, and many of the isolated communities such as the "ghost towns" of Nevada have vanished.

At the World's Fair in Chicago this year, visitors will have the opportunity of seeing the chapel car in one of its last "public appearances." They will see a beautiful steel car, furnished with ecclesiastical furniture, an altar at one end and study and dining room for the chaplain and "crew." The car has been refinished by the Pullman Company and is just as attractive and vigorous as when it first rambled into the lone places of the nation.

Foreign Object in the Eye

INDIANA STATE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

Ordinarily nothing need be done to keep the eyes in a healthy condition, for nature has provided an automatic process by which the eyes are kept clean. Occasionally, especially if you live in the city where much dirt is blowing about, it may be well to wash the eyes. A saturated solution of boric acid is about as good as any lotion on the market. If a diseased condition of the eye exists, eye drops will do little good, and a reputable physician should be consulted.

Never rub your eyes when you get something in them, for although the eyes may feel better when rubbed, the cinder or speck is apt to be worked deeper into the tissues of the eye and will be more difficult to get out.

Frequently a foreign body which is not embedded may be dislodged by immersing the face in a basin of clean water and winking the eyelids rapidly. Should these simple measures fail the safest procedure is to put plain sterile vaseline, a tube of which may be obtained at any drug store, on the inner surface of the lower eyelid, close the eye gently, apply a liberal amount of vaseline over the closed lid, cover the eye with sterile gauze or a clean linen pad, bandage the eye, and go immediately to a reputable physician for aid.

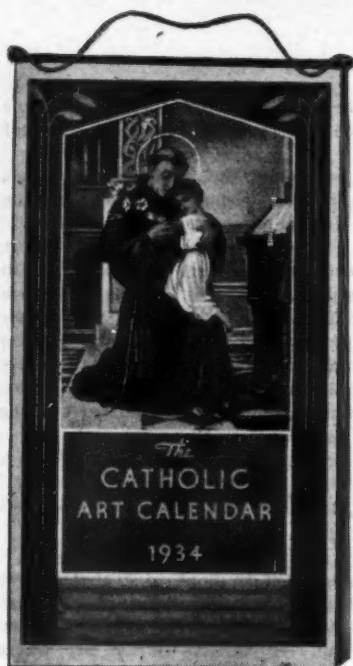
Don't put a flaxseed in the eye.

Don't use potato or raw meat poultices.

Don't permit anyone to attempt to remove the particle with a match, a toothpick or the corner of a handkerchief.

Play safe or you may not be able to keep your eye on the ball. Many eyes have been lost through inexperienced efforts to remove small foreign bodies.

The present depression gives more persons an opportunity to think deeply and take time to reflect. Lack of money is forcing more persons to find entertainment about the fireside and get enjoyment from simple things, so, although it is making life very difficult for very many, perhaps it is a blessing in disguise.



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